

Threads from the loom of times



ARBITERS OF FASHION

IN the hey-day of Victorian grandeur, Courtaulds were firmly established as acknowledged leaders of fashion. Outstanding among contemporary manufacturers, they were producing rich and beautiful fabrics unique in design and finish, which exactly accorded with the stately formalism of the period.

Demand became so insistent that many additions and extensions had to be made to all of the company's mills in Essex, England, where by the early 'Sixties several thousand workers were employed.

To the present generation Courtaulds are famous for the development of rayon and the lovely fabrics made with it. Tomorrow the name will be associated with new developments destined to benefit mankind in a manner not less notable than the evolution and perfection of rayon.

the largest rayon manufacturers in the British Commonwealth

Distributors overseas of Courtaulds Fabrics; Samuel Courtauld & Co. Ltd., London, England

Victoria: (Head Office: Samuel Courtauid & Co. (Aust.) Pty. Ltd.,
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Queensland: Erik B. Milbe, 172 Edward Street, Erisbane.

West Australia: A. C. Mackle, Scunomic Chambers, 75 William Street, Perth.

Distributors overseas of Contanida Rayon Yarms: Lustra Pibres Ltd., Coventry, England.

Distributors in Australia:

N.S.W.: Vance & McKee Pty. Ltd., 225 Clarence Street, Sydney.

Victoria: Vance & McKee Pty. Ltd., 40 William Street, Melb., C.1.

Bedside Manner

By ROBERT CARSON

FREDERICK had talked so much about his niece Helen through the years that when she came to visit him a few of his old friends with hime on their hands went down to the station for an unobtrusive first

Smartest girl in the world, the ector had said, many a time; hard-ording, idealistic, and game. Going of do great things one of these days the microscopes and microbes.

From his accounts, his old friends hought she'd woar glasses and weeds and have a medical dictionary useded under her arm, so they ex-perienced rather a shock when she pot off the train and kissed her such

She was small and pretty, the She was small and pretty, the largeness of her eyes was not magnified by glasses, and she was followed by a retinue of young men. Under her arm were two boxes of chocolates instead of a medical dictionary. In fact, they decided, she was absolutely the most beautiful doctor eyer seen in a dress.

doctor ever seen in a dress.

Dr Prederick took her away in his ancient car, a brief vision of medical loveliness, and the young men climbed glumly back on to the irain. A little later the Predericks, unde and niece, were sitting together in the living-room of the doctor's house. Mrs. Craviti, his similed housekeeper, had set out ten and cake for them.

"But really, Uncle," Helen was awing, a little in distress, "you weren't serious about that letter you wrose me, were you?"

The newer been more serious," he

Twe never been more serious," he

I'm sorry. I can't do it. I'm mg to start on research work, e only reason I broke my journey re is that I happened to be pass-

that's too bad," Dr. Fred-Well, that's too bad," Dr. Frederick said in his quiet voice. "But it me tell you my reasons for making the request. There are only wo doctors left in this whole district. The other one is an old mock like me. Our population with up three hundred per cent. Carring the war when they put war plants here. It's just as bad now they're converted to manufacturing extiles. We must have doctors for We must have doctors for

extiles. We must have doctors for all these people—"
"That's so," Helen said, and her face was very serious. "You're right about everything except the most important point—you know the only reson I took a medical degree was so I could fit myself for a research career. And that, incidentally," she added, "is the hig thing in my life."

Dr. Preferrick started to say some.

Dr. Prederick started to say some-thing else, then shrugged and was silent. He looked disappointed.

A moment later Mrs. Cravitt came in to announce a telephone call

"Fellow smaxhed his leg," the doc-or said shortly when he returned have to run along. Be back

It have to run along. De natural pretty soon."

The leg turned out to be a bad case, and he was longer than he anticipated. When he was once more in the living-room, it was empty. Mrs Cravitt informed him that his niece bad taken one of the disphone calls and hurriedly departed. Dr. Frederick sat down with a curious expression on his face.

Frederically, Helen appeared. She

Eventually Helen appeared. She looked tired, "A woman had twins,"

Her uncle regarded her blandly How did you do?"

"The three are fine now," Helen told him. "It was a difficult case, though."

"Remember that one part of the Hippocratic oath?" her uncle said.
"That into whatsover house I shall enter, it shall be for the good of the sick to the utmost of my power, I holding myself aloof from wrong, from—"

"There is no fool," Helen said sourly, "like a young fool,"

Southy, has a young tool.

So that's the way it began. Helen abandoned her dreams of research work and stayed on as her uncle's assistant. She rose early and went to bed late, and in between were hours of measles, mumps, colds, diphtheria, whooping cough, scarlet fever, enteritis, appendicitis, anaemis, food poisoning, migraine, and plain alcoholism.

morning two men while Helen was on duty. A pleasantfaced grubby man in greasy overalls was leading a tail young man with a bandage round his head. Helen took one look and motioned them into the surgery. She removed the bandage. The patient had a fairly big gash and two or three large con-tusions. He seemed a trifle dared, but abowed no evidences of concus-

The way he kept smilling up at her amoyed Helen. She judged, as she cleaned him up, that he would be a fairly good-looking boy when his forehead healed.

"We're from one of the textile works," the man in overalls explained. "I'm George Harkness This is Maurice Hale."

"How do you do," Helen said. "Hold tight. I'm going to do a little stitch-

"No, thanks," Maurice said. "I'll wait till the doctor comes, if you

"I'm the doctor."
"Oh," George said.
"My uncle, Dector Frederick, won't be in until five. You shouldn't wait.

"You'll probably do neater work, being a lady," Maurice said, "Go ahead."

She stitched the cut expertly. Both men watched her with big eyes

"Call me if you have a severe head-ache," she said at length. "And, in any case, come back in a few days and I'll take the stitches out."

They went reluctantly to the door. Helem prepared for the next patient.

A pre-

"I'm married," George said, "but I wish I was

"T'm not married," Maurice said. "That Maurice said. "That does not imply any criticism of the institution of marriage on my part, however. I'm all for it. Will you have lunch with me, Doctor?"

"I'm afraid I'm too busy. Thanks, but the same."

just the same

'I'll wait." Maurice said. "I'm not

"I'll wait," Maurice said. "I'm not doing anything."
"I'm sorry." Helen said. "I simply won't have time."
"I hope I haven't taken up your time." Maurice said, lingering.
"Not at all." Helen said, shortly.
That evening Maurice telephoned.

Doctor Frederick spoke to him rst, then handed the telephone to

"One of your patients," he said.

"This is Maurice," Maurice said-"Who is it?" Helen asked.

"Now, don't be coy. I'm the chap with the busted head. And you said to call you if I had a headache." "Are you ili? Do you feel faint?"

"No." Maurice sald. "I feel fine, but I had a headache about three o'clock this afternoon, and I wasn't near a phone then, so I couldn't call you. It occurred to me later you might want a report."

"Thanks," Helen said. "Just lie down and keep quiet. Mr. Hale. That's all."

That was all until he returned to That was all until he returned to have the sitiches removed. As she had surmised, he was a good-looking young man with deceptively innocent grey eyes.

"You're healing beautifully," she

"I have an irresistible urge to crawl under couches, doctor," he declared solemnly.

you making enough out of this racket to give up being alive?"
"I have my dreams." Helen said. "They do not include wasting valuable time on frivolous outlings."
"For pity's sake," Maurice said. He rose, and they gazed at each other sombrely. Then they shook hands.

"Do drop in again," Helen said,
"If you're suffering. But otherwise
don't bother me."
In two weeks, Maurice was only a

in two weeks, Matrice was only a dim memory, another case on file. Helen continued to wrestle with the numerous dark angels prowling the town.

Then one night George Harkness appeared, accompanied by his wife, and asked for Helen.

"You remember the chap I brought in a while ago with his head banged up, doctor?" banged up, doctor?" George asked. "Maurice Hale?"

"Yes, I think I do," Helen said. "Why?"

"Weil," said George, "some of his acrews have come loose."

He and his wife told the story alternsiely, which took quite a while. Maurice boarded with them, and until a few days ago he had been a perfect boarder. Then suddenly he had taken to hiding in dark corners and not wanting to go to work. He didn't seem to know what was the matter with him, except that he was afraid of all the people and machinery at the works, afraid even of going outside.

The Harknesses were having a

The Harknesses were having a terrible time with him. So far he

was still working, but getting worse, "Maybe the bump he got on the head caused this," George said. "Definitely not," Helen said. "He wasn't hit hard enough for a brain injury. By the way, how did that happen?"
"We had a new machine it."

happen?"
We had a new machine that went haywire and flew apart." George explained. "There were a couple of women workers feeding it, and Maurice had to shove them out of the way before he could duck himself. A piece hit him."
"You've got to do something. Madam—I mean doctor," Lola Harkness said.
"I don't know," Helen said, "Thia

"I don't know," Helen said. "Inia isn't much in my line. You see——" "Who else can we go to?" George

said.

Helen sighed. She got into a coal and followed their car in her uncle's old one. The Harkness house was in a quiet street. Helen trailed George and Lols upstairs to Maurice's bed-

They knocked on the door in vain, maily they went inside and turned i the lights. There was no sign Maurice until Lola looked under

on maurice until Lola looked under the bed.

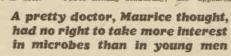
"Come out. It's quite all right."
she said soothingly.

Maurice revealed himself reluc-

Maurice revealed himself refuc-tantly dragging a pillow and blanket behind him. The sight of Helen seemed to rouse him hadly. "What right have you to come breaking in on me like this?" he said. "I don't want to see anybody. Leave me alone, that's all." He walked over and sat down on the walked over and sat down on the

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Page 3



said, "and you'll be almost unmarked. You must have had a lucky break. What hit you?"

"Oh, I bumped my head on a thing," he said. "I'm glad I did. It brought us together." "Did it?"

"But It?" Maurice frowned. "I wish you wouldn't take that attitude again, doctor. I really would like you to come to dinner one night with me," "I'm sorry," Helen said formally. "But I really haven't the time."

"But I really haven't the time."
"Doctor," Maurice said, "you have
a limited outlook. Are you content
to grow old stitching busted heads
and painting the human form divine
with mercurochrome? In short, are

Pamela Patience .. 9 call those a real find

"The way you talk " says Pamela Patience, " anyone would think it was luck that got them for you, not my careful management. As a matter of fact, I waited and waited till I could ger HORROCKSES flannelette for your pyjamas. You see, I know the HORROCKSES things. I know there's not a flannelette to touch HORROCKSES for softness, good looks and hard wear.

"Just now you can't always find HORROCKSES flannelette when you want it, but conditions are getting better, and gradually you will find more and more





MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS A.I. LONGCLOTH

Bedside Manner

Helen went through the usual routine of pulse, temperature, reflex test, and an examination of the patient's eyes. The Harkness's watched in fascinated

frank with me," Maurice

"Be frank with me," Maurice pleaded. "Am I going crazy?"
"Don't be silly," Helen replied.
"You're as bright as you ever were. In fact, I am convinced your trouble is entirely imaginary. What's the main difficulty?"

What's the main difficulty?"

He rubbed his head and pulled the blanket over him again. His voice was muffled when he spoke.

"I've been working pretty hard," he said, "and gotting very tired. The other day I simply blew up. I felt as if I couldn't take another step, although I managed to keep going. Then I started getting scared."

"Of what?"

"Of what?" "Of what?"
"Oh, everything—people, crossing the street, shaving myself—"
"Does the accident you had still worry you?"
"Not a bit. It didn't when it hap-

"Any other unusual occurrences in your life lately?"

Maurice shook his head. Helen made him swallow two tablets.

"They're a sedative," she explained, "Try to keep working and forget your troubies. I want to see you at my house to-morrow evening." She bade them all good-night, Dr. Frederick was still up, a dressing-gown over his pyjamas, when she got home.

"Uncle," she said, "everything happens to me. I've finally hit the medical jackpot. I've got a nut on my hands."

She detailed the Maurice case, Dr. Frederick's face creased in thoughful

What do you think it is?" he

asked.
"How do I know?" Helen said. "I
never was very good at abnormal
psychology. Pantophobia—fear of
everything, I suppose. Some kind
of a psycho-neurosis."

everything, I suppose. Some kind of a psycho-neurosis."

"How are you going to treat him?"

"Psychoanalynis. He needs a complete reorientation. If my mind doesn't go first, maybe I can give it to him."

"You probably can," her uncle agreed. "There are a few books in the library which might give you a tip or two."

"I'm taking them to bed with me."

'I'm taking them to bed with me,"

"Tm taking them to bed with me," Helen said.

She did, and read until her eyes were watery. By the next evening she was at least fairly well prepared for what any ahead. Maurice turned up, convoyed by George, his coat collar raised and a hat pulled low over his eyes. Helen took him into the surgery restrained his impulse to boit under a couch, and sat him down. She dismissed George.

"Now," she said, expertly checking the healing of his forehead as the taked, "we're going to hold she forehead as the taked, "we're going to hold."

ing the healing of his forchead as she talked, "we're going to hold these meetings almost every night for a while so you might as well relax . Did you work to-day?" "Yes," Maurice said. "How did you do?" "I still have an irresistible urge to crawl under counchs and thines. Te's

"I still have an irresistible urge to crawl under couches and things. It's embarrassing to the management, because I'm in charge of a depart-ment, but I can't stop being scared. "You'll stop if we find the key to your trouble." Helen told him. "Some fear from your past life is haunting you. For a long while it has been deeply embedded in your mind, temporarily overcome. We could be the proper that the proper being that fear out into the man open deeply embedded in your mind, temporarily overcome. We must bring that fear out into the open and discuss it. Once we have, and you have considered it objec-tively, I believe you'll no longer be bothered."

"I'm afraid to talk to you, doctor," Maurice said, "Nonsense," Helen said, "I'm your friend. Go ahead."

friend. Go ahead."
"When I was a kid." Maurice said.
"I had a little tin train—"
He was three when he'd had the little train. By the third assion he was up to ten years old and Helen was reading just ahead of him. The

was reading just alread of film. The fifth treatment saw him at the age of seventeen; from there on it was more interesting.

Occasionally she grew so absorbed she forgot to take notes. He became her major problem the sixth night. As he left he squeezed her hand.

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She squeezed right back before she remembered she was a physician.
"I wonder if I could kiss you good-night?" her patient said humbly. "You're the best friend I have in the world, doctor."
Well, this was no time to upset delicate emotional balances. She kissed him good-night, noting that his madness had not affected his is madness had not affected his

his madness had not affected his technique. The fact that he was pathetically happy was no conso-lation. She was pathetically happy herself.

herself.

He had just given her a few reminiscences from his twenty-fifth year, when she suddenly realised that a too free association had done its work and she was in love with the trembling wretch. The knowledge was like a galvanic shock to her.

He kept on talking, but she didn't hear another word. At length George came and took him away, Helen rose and went blindly in to

"Listen." she said. "You kno that character I'm treating for psycho-neurosis?"

Her uncle nodded, "Nice young

Something awful has happened!"

"Something awate mes." Helen "Has, ch?"
"I'm in love with him." Helen said. "I know you're ignorant of psychoanalysis, but do you realize the tragedy of it all? I'm a victim iteraseference. Patients always the tragedy of it all? I'm a victim of transference. Patients always develop emotional relations toward their physicians. He's in love with me now, but he work care a snap of his fingers for me if I cure him."

"Well, upon my soul!" The doctor look his head gravely. "What am I going to do?" Helen arst out. "I can't leave him crazy.

on the other hand-

"Suppose he was cured?" Dr. Prederick said. "Cured—and in love with you? Would that be all right?"
"And how can that be arranged?"
"Why," her uncle said quietly, "the same way we got him crazy, I

expect."

Helen rose, grew rigid, and turned magenta. Her uncle ducked his head and wouldn't look at her. There was a long silence.
"He's a nice young fellow," Dr. Frederick said finally, "and he couldn't get anywhere with you. Asked my advice as family physician. I told him the heat way was to take up your time professionally. Everything's worked out excellently, hean't li?"

"Oh, it's heautiful!" Helen said

"Oh, it's beautifuli" Helen said bitterly. "Lovely! Perfect!" "I think I'd better go to bed," Dr.

At eight the next night Maurice appeared without escort.

"Good evening, doctor," he said.
"I have cheering news for you. I'm

"Really?" Helen said. "Not afraid

"Really?" Helen said. "Not afraid of anything, are you?"
"Nothing. And I can't thank you snough. If you'll send me a bill, I can promise you prompt payment. Helen restrained a tendency to grif her teeth. "I'll send you ome thar! I make your head swim."
"Which is no more than right," Maurice agreed cheerfully. "I owe you more than! I can ever pay in money. Thank you, doctor, and good-byc."

He turned round and went out.

good-byc."

He turned round and went out,
Helen had all the sensations of a
stroke. She should have lain down
and sent for a doctor. Instead she
ran after him.

"Walt a minute," she said confusedly. "You can't do this to me.
I—I demand an explanation."

He halted and looked at her with

"No, I'm not," Helen said, and bit her lip. "I feel faint. I think I'm going to cry."
"Is there something you're afraid

of?"
"I'm afraid you're going to leave."
"Well, I'm not," Maurice said.
"Kiss me."
She klased him and dried her tears

on his sleeve. They felt very happy and secure with their arms around each other.
"We'll have to go in and tell my uncle," Helen said. "He's a wonderful man. A great psychologist."

(Copyright)

Our friend Professor Dogscorpus deep in the heart of Boomagarrahm is preparing a thesis on optics—eye and all that. After one or two false starts he got right on the beam with the most fascinating eye of all—the male-call or "glad" eye. One of the most popular of all types of eyes the glad eye has allure for "comph," as the Prof. expresses it)—a fresh hright eye with all its curves in the right eye with all its curves in the right places, so to speak.



young lady can successfully clui male into submission with the ing glance if the eye be tires trained and altogether dim watery, or isok-lustre. Without ing into the white magic of femi beauty adds too deeply, it's sufficient become tired or strained, and a gether dim, dull, itc, etc., thu reading film magazines or dun the bobby-sox by insufficient can power. What you need maderselle, is a 100-watt Mazda for seeing, to bring back that all-quering freshness and brightness the "windows of your soul". If you'll have to work and the submission of the seeing, to bring back that all-quering freshness and brightness the "windows of your soul". If you'll have to work and the seeing that the seeing the seeing the seeing the seeing that all the windows of your soul." But let it be emphasised that oung lady can succeasfully club the "windows of your soul"-you'll have to FIGHT them of

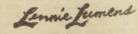


Very fashionable among young men during the football season is the black or "Listen, you!" eye. It is generally caused by footballers of one team opening their remarks to footballers of the other team with "Listen you!" and then forgetting to duck. It comes in a warlets of tasteful shades, cerise, manye. like and bottle-green, and sizes rauging from small man's to XOS. Sym Maxdas can't help these eyes "stay brighter longer"—the only cure is filet mignonit, raw.



Another type of eye sometimes seen is the bloodshot or "Lost Weekend" eye, often caused by an over-avaluate hostess mixing cocktails by an inferior light. Too much of this, and too little of that can bring on too many headaches and subsequent regrets. Cocktails should be mixed with loving care and by the light of a 200-watt Mazda in your living-proom or a 100-watt Mazda in the kitchen.

An eye to be envied is the eagle or "Let-me-see-the-brand" eye. This eye indicates that behind it Juntions a keep sopping brain—a mind that knows when it wants when it wants it. It's the mind of the wife housewife who knows the importance of saving sight, of easy seeins of always saying, "It must be Marda, please."



The Australian Women's Weekly-April 19, 1947

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IT WAS NOT A NIGHTMARE

so almost boyish an air about him as he cocked an approving eye at the sunny sky that had he broken into a whistled song it would have seemed perfectly congruous; yet Mr. Justice Stanbroke whistling a popular song was something that would not have occurred to the most imaginative of his colleagues as a possibility.

Perhaps the old brown tweed suit was responsible for the miracle, since nothing could have been more unlike it than the scarlet robe and white wig of yesterday.

There was nothing of the stroller about Sir Charles. When he set off for a walk he walked; a mile every fourteen minutes with the precision of a speedometer.

with the precision of a speedometer.

It was a hot day, and by the time he had been walking three hours his thoughts been and the processing the house his thoughts began to processing the secondary with fluids: water for his skin, heer for his throat. The swim first. He had, in fact, been making that his goal all the morning.

He knew the wood, and the stream running through it so solitary and secluded that he and Dhara, coming delightly upon it, had had no hesitation, even in those prudish days, in stripping and plunging in. As he entered the wood, memory touched his heart nostalgically and the lines of his face softened.

Almost he could believe

Alm ont he could believe that thirty-five years were rolled back and his young bride walked beade him.

He smiled at the fancy, and found his heart could still ache for his long-dead wife.

With leisured strokes he swam down the stream a hundred yards or so, passing the bend where he remembered an alder had reached out over the water. It was still there. He turned over on his back and allowed the stream to do with him as it would.

Along the banks he heard rustlings in the undergrowth and felt himself watched by the inquisitive eyes of small furry things.

The leaves of the trees rustled gently. Somewhere a bird called. Memories polgnantly sweet slipped wratiblike through the galleries of his mind.

his mind.
A quarter of an hour went by before he swam back to where he had
left his clothes. They were gone.
Only the ash stick remained, and
if its presence evidenced a sense of
humor on the thief's part Sir
Charles was in no mood to appreciate it.

Pursuit of the thief was, he re-alised, useless. He sat down, his chin resting upon his drawn-up,

probably go to the police station. But that was not immediately urgent. The thing was to get there and the problem was how. He certainly couldn't walk there naked. certainly couldn't walk there naked. There came over him something of the distress of mind with which he was familiar in that type of nightmare common to all civilises people; finding one's self naked in a public thoroughfare.

It was a form of nightmare which frequently troubled him, and which in recollection he had always found amusing; but when the dream became actuality the funny side seemed less apparent.

After long thought he decided that his best plan would be to stop a car, explain the circumstances, and ask for a lift to Brayton. Nor need

car, explain the circumstances, and ask for a lift to Brayton. Non need he go elift to Brayton. Non need he go elift to Brayton. A good branch would be enough for the most exacting demands of decorum.

With some difficulty he pulled off a branch of sufficient dimensions and made his way to the high road. There he recompostred cautiously, then set off slowly towards Brayton, turning round frequently to see if any cars were coming.

Presently he saw one and went to meet it, but it

meet it, but it shot past him, leaving behind the image of a stern - faced By NEIL BELL

stern - faced driver whose glazed eyes

He discovered a well of profanity that he had thought long since dried up and set off walking again. Within the next twenty or thirty yards, he had picked up no fewer than five thorns, and his profanity found an even richer note.

even richer note.

He had limped several hundred yards farther towards Brayton before he turned and saw, far off and very small, another car. Trinking it better perhaps to stay hidden until the car was within halling distance he crouched down on the sloping grass verge behind his branch.

When the car was about thirty yards away he jumped to his feet and ran towards it, calling out: "Will you stop, please?"

He caught sight of a flushed face, staring eyes, a large red nose, and a mouth gaping half open in an ex-pression that was part fright, part astonishment, part fury, as the car swerved violently, shot nearly to the other side of the road, and then accelerated in a cloud of dust, shooting out of its exhaust a spurt of evil-making black smoke which drifted over to

away!"

Charles roared at the dog, raising the stick menacingly.

Some five minutes later distant noises behind him claimed his

charabanc speeding and swaying towards him.

It was still several hundred yards away, but its load of apparently in-ebriated merrymakers heralded its coming with unmelodious song and an instrumental accompaniment pleasing to the ear as a saw on a

saif.

Sir Charles was mimidated by that monstrous cacophony, for he felt he could not face that horde of drunken reveilers and an appeal to them for a lift was unthinkable. He took hasty refuge in a ditch at the side of the road, crouching down among the thick greenery which was mainly stinging nettles.

He crawled out as soon as the

He crawled out as soon as the monster had gone by neither swearing at it nor shaking a futile fist for he had just then a generous profusion of nettle-stings claiming all his attention.

Miserably he shambled on. Gone ias his jaunty stride with which he ad emerged from Watford station that morning.

That tweed-clad figure had been so obviously that of a distinguished person, a personage. The thing that was shambling along the road to Brayton dusty tired hungry, thirsty. sore, smarting, and in a state of increasing fury, might have been the meanest of mankind.

A dog made a sudden appearance on the opposite side of the road. It was a masty looking beast with course hair and shifty eyes. It waited until Sir Charles had plodded slowly by and then it sidled obliquely across the road and taking up a strategic position about ten feet from his heels, padded along after him.

Sir Charles was fond of dogs, but he didn't like this one and he mistrusted its Intentions. Never had he felt more vulnerable. For a time he shambled on determinedly ignoring the beast, but his uneasiness grew, more and more he felt how bare he was, and how open to attack.

His imagination took a hand and he felt the brute's breath on his legs, almost its teeth in his calf, and he stopped and turned round. The dog, still as much as five feet away, stopped too.

"Good dog," Sir Charles sald, "good by." The dog growled. A surge of acontrollable anger swept over Sir

Stooping swiftly, he picked up a long stick, and raised it menacingly, roaring: "Go away!"

The cur snarled and retreated, but The cur sharled and retreated, but, when Sir Charles turned to walk on, it rushed in again. This time Sir Charles lunged at it with the branch. The dog eagerly seized it and in the subsequent tug-of-war was victor and bore off the prize in triumph.

The loss of the branch did not greatly trouble Sir Charles. At least he'd got rid of the dog, and for the rest there were plenty of branches. Where there were trees there were branches. But, as it happened just then, there was not a tree in sight.

then, there was not a tree in signit.

Sir Charles meditated going in search of one, and then with a muttered oath and a shrug of his shoulders he plodded on. He was fast reaching a condition of furious exasperation which twenty-four hours earlier he would not have believed possible to him.

Three cars at intervals of a few minutes

few minutes went by in the opposite direction. He had no hope of persuading a driver to turn round (never had his senting) round (nover had his opinion of human nature been so low) and as he did not wish to untless attention took refuge each time in the dry ditch which con-tinued to flank the road, carefully avoiding the nettles.

Please turn to page 10

BROKE glanced at the clock as the clock as the clock gapech for the defence neared its new the case could not possibly end on the morrow he decided to adjourn until Monday. conclusion, you will unhenitatingly declare the

unheatatingly declare the
prisoner not guilty. "he
began to pian his week-end.
What should he make his starting
point, and should he go there by car
or by train? He decided upon Watford, and, unusual choice, the train
he would do that lovely walk through
Hertfordshire that he had first done
on his honeymous

on his honeymou.

Thus it came about that shortly after ten-thirty on Saturday morning Sir Charles Stanbroke strode briskly out of Watford station. He were light brown tweeds, was bareheaded, and carried a heavy ash stick

He looked ten years younger than the man who, little more than a dozen hours earlier, had ast in the tense and stuffy atmosphere of the court listening, watching, weighing words to the exactness of an apothe-care's expulse.

There was so jaunty, so carefree,

clasped knees, and set himself to consider the situation. The nearest village, Brayton, a sizable place of some fifteen hundred people, was seven miles away.

Less than half-way to Brayton there was, or had been, a publichouse on the main road. Even if it were still there it was not what he wanted, and without further consideration he ruled it out. There remained Brayton, Somehow or other he had to get to Brayton.

He was not very clear as to what he proposed to do on getting there;

The Australian Women's Weekly-April 19, 1947

JUSTICE STAN-

He felt that he needed those two

mind.

He had almost come to the decision that the prisoner was guilty, but the evidence was entirely circumstantial, and to sentence a man to death upon circumstantial evidence alone was something not to be contemplated with lightness.

haps those two days, right away the environment of the sordies ess and spent, as he spent much

of his leisure in walking, might clarity his mind and give him a deeper insight into the case and into the actions of the man in the dock.

And as he heard the defending counsel's rather harsh voice say,

and if you come to that conclusion, and I suggest it is the only





LIM, dark, and beautifully groomed. Bernice stood at the window of the flat watching for Edward's car to come round the corner. She and Edward were going to see the children and take them out to lunch. She gave a little shiver of appetension, for it was an ordeal to heel hear nectioning for some

had been postponing for some

ime.
Actually, she and Edward hoped to
be married by the end of the year.
Demice gave a worried little sigh,
in theory it was all so easy.
She and Peter were modern, intelligent people. The war had broken
har marriage, but it had not broken
her admiration for Peter.
The fact that her job had taken
her saming different sorts of people
was going to make no difference to
the children. Peter and she were
solug to make maintably—or try going to share them amicably-or try

shi it was so much easier said in done—her head ached with nking about it. She could not sain it to Edward without distaining Peter's sort of life, and a she had no reason to do.

She heard a car come round the corner of the square and drew a breath of relief. It was an impressive sedan, which Edward had reently acquired. Bernice stubbed out her cigarette quickly, glad to move, to be free of this everlasting ache of

before she went downstairs, she

emph sight of the large photograph of the girls, standing on the book-heif and her heart turned over seals with quickening anxiety. They looked like Peter—both of them Their fairness, their charming sightly derisive smiles. They are don't like you? They're not ordinary children."

The and downstairs, across the hall, and met Edward on the step. She was giad of his presence, of the comporting grasp of his hands and the admiration in his grey eyes. Edward was worth dressing up for. He was worth dressing up for. He was children to the people he knew, espectively and the specifical The people he knew, espectively and the specifical the people he knew, espectively and the specifical thread of the specifical thread of

and in the shelter of the car he kissed her.

"You're shaking darling. What's the matter? I haven't seen you like this since—since that day you came into my office two years ago to ask

colored, her lips unresponsive to his kiss

to his kiss.
"It's the same thing, I suppose. I'm dreading this meeting."
He gave a little frown, switched on the engine and started the car.
"We've been over this before, Bernice." he said, as they drove smoothly away, "and it's simply got to be faced. If we are going to be married, Shella and Janet will have to get to know me and some sensible raced. If we are going to be married, Shelia and Janet will have to get to know me, and some sensible working arrangement will have to be made between you and Peter. I still think it would be better for you to have the younger one, and let your husband have Shelia, as she is his favorite."

"I can't separate them," Bernice said suddenly, fiercely, "and Peter hasn't any favorite It's simply that Shelia and he understand each other so well."

"What's that but favoritism?" Edward said impatiently. In the office Bernice was so cool and competent. He could not understand her present indecision. Suddenly he turned and smiled at her, his eyes lit with amused tenderness. "It would be for the holidays only. Anyone would

amused tenderness. "It would be for the holidays only. Anyone would think I was a monster."
"Oh. Edward!" she smiled, touch-ing his sleeve gently. "Perhaps I'm neing very stupid. But suppose they don't like you? They're not ordinary children."

ten and the other seven, would be no trouble at all. They sailed smoothly on, and Ber-

TO ME

They sailed smoothly on, and Bernice began to relax. Everything
was going to be perfectly all right.
It always was with Edward. Hadn't
the found a flat for her and helped
her to arrange about sending the
children to a boarding-school? It
was only erratic people like Peter
who created disturbances.

She thought of Peter with suddon.

who created disturbances.
She thought of Peter with sudden vividness, sitting in the flat on his arrival home, chunky and truculent in his jungle green, as he looked round at the honey-colored rugs, the lustre wall-lights, the deep softs and chairs of a brilliant, warm rusty-red. "What does all this cost you. Berry?" he had asked briefly. When she told him, he laughed, as though she were being deliberately

"I can afford it, Pete," she told him, "at any rate until you get going again."

He had spread out his hands slowly, looking at them. When one saw those square, capable hands, one knew he was the kind of man who understood and loved machines. understood and loved machines. Not Edward's kind of man, who phoned a garage if the windscreen wiper failed.

"Is there someone else?" he had

"Is there someone else?" he had asked eventually. She had said defensively: "No—not

in that way."

"He doesn't pay for all this?"

"No!" She was furious.
"All right. I wouldn't blame you.
It must have been awfully hard for you at first, carrying on by yourself on my nay." on my pay. He rose w

He rose with an unmistakable ges-ture of departure. She had been silent, frozen with horror that some-thing that had filled her life for so thing that had filled her life for so many full, struggling laughing years was ending like this. He gave her a comforting little grin, "Cheer up, Berry," he said, "lit's not the end of the world." When she had finished crying, Edward had come round. It was the first time he had ever made love

Peter stood watching, grave and detached, as the girls squealed an excited welcome to Bernice.

in the distance and shot towards them. Then, suddenly, like an old coursing greyhound, the tourer shot away in front, and disappeared round the corner with a last derisive snort of its exhaust.

"Bensily road-hog," said Edward,
"Well, we haven"t precedence on the road," Bernice returted sharply.

Edward glanced down in surprise at her tone, and the color whipped up into her face.

In the few seconds the tourer had taken to pass them she had recognised both the car and its driver. There was no mistaking that bleached, fair head and those chunky shoulders under the sports jacket. She would know him anywhere, but she had not expected her heart to lift and laugh again like this. She had not seen him aince she had written about the divorce. He had written to her once, casually, saying he had been demobbed and that he had opened the garage again.

Peter would never wear enough clothes, she thought. One day he would get pneumonia—she had elways told him so. She and Edin the distance and shot towards

clothes, she thought. One day he would get pneumonia—she had always told him so. She and Edward were wrapped up in rugs and warm winter coats, and there was Peter on this sharp autumn day in an open car wearing only a sports jacket, probably without a pull-over, almost certainly without a vest. It was ridiculous, and she would

It was ridiculous, and she would tell him so.

Her thoughts jumped to the girls.

No wonder they were both machine-crasy. It was amazing the amount of time she and Peter had spent in, round, and under that old car. It

was called Gerald. No one ever knew why. How on earth had Peter managed to get it on the road again? Then the thought suddenly struck her—of course, he was going to see the girls!

He went every other Sunday hos-

Then the thought suddenly struck her—of course, he was going to see the girls!

He went every other Sunday, but she had completely forgotten, in her anxiety about their meeting with felward, that this was his Sunday.

What could she do now? Her mind ran round and round, scheming for a way to stop the two men meeting. It would be better, she decided quickly, if Peter arrived first and the girls were already gone when they arrived. Edward might be angry, but at least his dignity would be saved. Peter had no dignity to lose. He would never bother with anything so expensive as dignity. She glauced at the clock on the dashboard, and said: "We've got heaps of time. Edward. Can't we pop in somewhere and have a cm of tea? I'm frozen!"

A cup of tea and a cigarette could take half an hour. Time for Peter to pick up the girls and take them off somewhere to lunch.

Much to her retler Edward agreed. "Good idea if we can get anything decent. There's quite a decent, place a bit farther along, I think."

There was—and Gerald, rakish, shabby, and black, was already purked in front of it.

Bernice got out of the car very slowly, her knees shaking visibly. She leaned for a momment on the door, trying to collect herself, then quickly pushed her handbag down into the car pocket. She must have time to think.

Please turn to page 30

Please turn to page 30

MARY HOWARD

to her, but she had been in desperate need of warm, human comfort that night. He was understanding, restrained, and tender, but even then it all had a vague sense of unreality

Peter, tired and dirty, coming back to accept all this with a shrug of grim resignation—that had been the

A challenging roar became audible just behind them. A slight frown of irritation appeared on Edward's forehead, and he accelerated slightly. The roar continued. The nose of an ancient touring car, old-fashioned and very shabby, appeared beside them on the crown of the road. It hung on, refusing to give way, like Edward.

A corner with trees appeared far







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A CHARLES HOLD AND A COLUMN

RESENTLY as Sir Charles clambered out of the ditch, he saw a car coming and to stop car, and he was determined to stop it, if he had to throw himself in front of it.

front of it.

Stop it he did. It pulled up with a screech of brakes and the driver, a smallish middle-aged man, surveyed him through the small open space of his window with a look that conveyed various emotions, none

of them friendly.

"I was bathing and my clothes have been stolen," Sir Charles said.

"Will you oblige me with a lift as far as Brayton?"

"Bathing," the driver said, all

"Bathing," the driver said, allow-ing his glance to take in the whole countryside, "where?"
"Er—some miles from here, a little stream." And then, testily, "What does it matter where? Will you oblige me with a lift?"

The driver shook his head. "Sorry," he said, "you may be all right, but you don't look it. You may be barmy.

you don't look it. You may be barmy, and you're twice my size. Sorry,"

The car jerked into life and Sir Charles, jumping back just in time to avoid being knocked over, stood staring after it in a silence beyond the relief of profanity.

Three hours later, by devious ways and many long and cramped con-cealments, he came to the beginnings of Brayton. He was worn out, muddy, sore, weak from hunger and thirst, bleeding; and he limped along in a black fury of half incredulous ex-

asperation.

Could such things be in a civilised country? How could it have happened to him, to Sir Charles Stanbroke, judge of the King's Bench?

If this self-reminder of his own eminence were to keep his heart up and endow him with a bold front for the coming ordeal it completely failed. He knew he could not face it; knew that before he confronted the Brayton police, or indeed Brayton itself in daylight, he would have to be

He would call on the local doctor and borrow a suit of clothes. A pro-fessional man would immediately recognise him for a man of education and accept his story, however bizarre as true. Yes, he would call upon

But as he could not bring himself to enter the village until it was dark he would have to keep in hiding till en. Fertunately, the weather was ery warm, and he would not have ore than three hours at the out-de to wait before dark.

For all the mildness of the weather it was a chilled and wretched figure which some hours later crept into Brayton under cover of a cloudy and moonless night. Sir Charles' goal was the Brayton doctor, who-

goal was the Brayton doctor, whoever that gentleman might be.
At a guess he thought there would
be over two hundred houses and cottages in the village and the only
clue to the doctor's was the probability of there being a brass plate
on the front gate.

Luck was with him. On the fifth gate he came to was a brass plate and although it was too dark to decipher the lettering there was no need of his knowing the name. To ask to see the doctor would be suf-

Wearily, yet stiently and cautiously he entered, and approached the front door. He was about to ring when he realised that a maid might answer the door. It was necessary to obtain

the door. It was necessary to obtain some covering.

There were clumps of bushes by the garden gate and returning he was about to pull off sufficient follage for his purpose when he heard the heavy tread of measured feet approaching on the pavement.

approaching on the pavement.

He crouched down behind the nearest bush. The slow feet came on, drew level, stopped. Light from a torch fashed dazwinely into his eyes, and a grating voice demanded sharply: "What are you doing here?" "Er—T've come to see the doctor," stammered Sir Charles.

"Oh, yes, no doubt you have. I don't think. There's two young ladies live here, the Misses Shufflewight; dressmakers. What do you think you're doing outside their house in that state?" The torch

Continued from page 5

thrust towards him threaten-

"I thought it was the doctor's house. There's a plete on the gate. You see, I've been bathing—"

You see, I've been bathing—"
"That's enough. You come with
me." The constable opened the
gate and took a step towards him.
"If you'll allow me to speak to the
doctor—er—will you please take me
to the doctor's?
"You can see the doctor in the
morning. You'll come to the
station to-night."

morning. You'll come to the station to-night."
"But I assure you—"
"Come on!" said the constable, gripping his shoulder roughly.
During his legal career Sir Charles had often heard it stated that someone or other had "seen red." He had always believed it a melodramatic fiction used to excuse violent behaviour. Whether or not he now saw red there was no doubt about the violence.

saw red there was no doubt about the violence.

All the slights, miseries, and ex-asperations of the day nerved him and lent him an astonishing strength as he roared: "You fool!" and struck the constable in the jaw. The man recled back and Sir Charles leapt through the gate and set off run-

Behind him he heard the heavy thud of hurrying feet which drew closer and closer as his heart began to beat suffocatingly. Something sharp in the road cut one of his feet agouisingly and swift pain momentarily slowed him. A foot was thrust between his, and he fell headlers.

A moment later he was roughly grasped and dragged to his feet which were then crushingly, and doubtless accidentally, trodden upon. But the fight had gone out of Sir Charles. He surrendered.

Charles He surrendered.

He had not completely recovered his hreath when he stood in the police station, where a plump, pleasant-faced sergeant sat writing

pleasant-faced sergeant sat writing at a desk.

"What have you got there, George?" the sergeant asked.

"Raving maniac, I reckon," George said.

"Get him a mac, George," said the sergeant.

The garment being brought in, Sir Charles put it on, and immediately felt a surge of confidence sweep felt a surge of confidence sweep through him.

through him.

"Look here, sergeant," he said, "I will admit appearances are against me, but I am Sir Charles Stanbroke, one of His Majesty's Judges. I live at 13 St. James' Street, in the West End of London, and my telephone number is Blessington 3331. If you will put a call through for me I shall be able to convince you that I am apeaking the truth."

The sergeant shook his head. "I daren't put a truth call through at

daren't put a trunk call through at darent put a trunk call through at this hour on such a cock-and-bull story. I'm not saying it mayn't be true, but on the evidence, as you might say, it's a million to one it lan't. Sorry." Sir Charles resigned himself and said flatly: "When may I put a call through?"

through?

"We'll see about it in the morning.
What about a cup of tea?"
"I'd like that," Sir Charles said humhly. And then, more boldly, he added: "Could I have anything

There's bread and cheese or bread

"There's bread and cheese or bread and jam."
"Er—could I have both? Ive had nothing to eat or drink since my breakfast at nine this morning."
The sergeant grinned. "Think we might manage it. George, ask Tom to make a pot of tea. The big one. And you can cut the bread and butter and bring it in."

Mr. Justice Stanbroke was a few minutes late in taking his place in court on the Monday morning. It was noticed that he was limping that one side of his face had been recently bruised, and that his left eye was discolored.

eye was discolored.

After the closing speech of Counsel for the Crown the judge began his summing-up. To the astonishment of all in court it was strongly for the prisoner, and the jury, whose retirement had been expected to last four or five hours, returned in thirty-five minutes with a verdict of Not Guilty.

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- 2. Chew food thoroughly,
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- 5. Get 8 hours' sleep in room with opened windows.
- 6. Cultivate cheerful outlook : don't WOLLA
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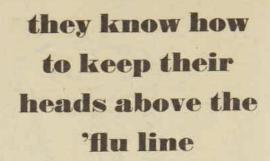
MONEY Thrown Away!

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You would not dream of throwing your money into the gutter, would you? Yet that is what you are really doing if you are letting business worries, household cares or personal problems take toll of your beautiful to the secret of your earning power and personal happiness. an investment more precious than money of property. If you are feeling below par it is probably because to day's conditions—lack of exercise, unsuitable foods, strain and worry—six conditions—lack for exercise, unsuitable foods, strain and worry—six own the property of the probably because to day's conditions, lack for exercise, unsuitable foods, strain and worry—six of the windless of the probable of the probab



By LAND, SEA and AIR . . .



TRAPEZE ARTISTS

The daring Lacona's, Aub and Mary, thrill the crowds with their breathtaking aerial acrobatics. "We've got to keep fit in this game," Aub says "and that's not always easy when we're performing in a draughty circus tent. But a cup of hot Bonox before and after the act keeps out the cold. Stops Old Man 'flu too."



SERVED TIME IN SAIL

Capt. A. G. Ireland served his time in sail and knows just about everything when it comes to boats and weather. Interviewed at his Double Bay boatshed, he said: "When a hard, wet southerly blows in across the bay, we're on our toes day and night. That's when you really need a hot Bonox to take the chill out of your bones."

Keep your head above the 'flu line this winter by drinking piping hot Bonox every day. It com-bats chilfs and tiredness—warms you right through and gives you a LIFT when you need it most it builds up your resistance to colds and 'flu. Also delicious spread on toast or as a sandwich filling



HOSTESS ON A.N.A. SKYMASTERS

A "hop" from Brisbane to Melbourne — or from Melbourne to Perth is all part of the day's work to air hostess Joan Hutchens. "It's an interesting job" Joan says "but those long hops can be pretty tiring, particularly when we land late at night or strike really cold weather. That's why I always settle for a steaming hot cup of Bonox as soon as I check in



CYCLING ROUND AUSTRALIA

Shirley Duncan (left) and Wendy Law are now somewhere in Australia on their nation-wide cycling tour — Sydney, Brisbane, Darwin and all points north! Says Shirley: "We're travelling light, but there's always room for Bonox in my pack." "Mine too," says Wendy. "There's nothing like a cup of hot Bonox to too," says Wendy. "There's nothing like a cup of hot Bonox to keep us warm when we're camping out this weather. It gives us

BONOX gives you a LIFT!

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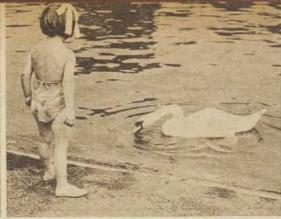








SWAN-UPPING is the marking of swans on the Thames River so that their ownership will be clear. All swans belong to His Majesty the sang the Livery Company of Dyers, or the Livery Company of Vintners. Representatives set out in skifts to mark the cygnets.



FEEDING swans on the Thames is a happy occupation for young Londoners. The King's swans have no nick in their beaks, the Vintners have one nick, and the Dyers' two nicks. The King has shared swans ownership with the two companies since long before Cromwell's time.

KING SHARES OWNERSHIP OF SWANS



GUARDING Crown Jewels is job of Royal Barge-master Richard Turk, whose wife adjusts his garter before a State procession. He is also a swan-keeper



PREPARATIONS for a swan-upping expedition are made by the Turk brothers. Richard (left), Vintuers' swan-keeper; Herbert (centre), Dyers' swan-keeper; and Fred, the King's swan-keeper.

THREE brothers share the responsibility of looking after all the swans on the Thames River in England, between them forming a registry of the swans' births, deaths, and marriages.

These three are keepers of the swans for their owners, His Majesty the King, the Livery Company of Vintners, and the Livery Company of Dyers.

One of them, Richard Turk, the Vint-ners' swan-keeper, is also the King's Royal Bargemaster, who stands guard over the Crown Jewels whenever they travel in a glittering coach through London on State occasions.

His two ancient titles do not keep Richard snowed up with work, but he has moved with the times and acquired the

unofficial modern title of Swan Supplier to the Pilm Industry.

"When the director says to the 'prep' men, 'Order up some swans,' they come straight to me, I chapteren the swans around on location, then return them to their haunts,' said Richard.

At present '70-year-old Richard is trying to clear up an important problem that has worried him for years.

He has run out of black swans, and, in tradition-loving England, this is a parious state of affairs.

Richard takes it so seriously that he has even written to the Australian Government, asking if it can belp him out.

When he is not wearing the gorgeous gold-braided red livery of Royal Bargemaster with the Royal crest blazoned on it, Richard Turk is out on the river chasing swans and checking up on the latest additions to their families.

it, Richard Turk is out on the river chasing swans and checking up on the latest additions to their families.

In early summer, when fluffy little cygnets waddle down to the Thames to take their first trip in the wake of a proud mother swan, Richard and his brothers are out in boats ready to share up the new arrivals between their ancient owners. It is known as swan-upping.

The King's swans are not marked, The Vintners' have one nick and the Dyers' two in the upper beak. Owners of the male and female parent share the cygnets and mark them accordingly.

Counts this year show that amproxi-

Counts this year show that approxi-mately half belong to the King and a quarter each to the Livery Companies. Between them the King, the Vintners, and the Dyers have owned all the Thames River swans since Richard the Lion-hearted brought the first from Cyprus in the 12th century.

hearted brought the first from Cyprus in the 12th century.

As Cromwell destroyed the old records showing how the wine-sellers and cloth-dyers acquired their share in the Thames swans, it is a matter of conjecture; but historians suspect some shiftless English King ran short of credit with his dyers and vintners and repaid them with the dubious privilege of a share in the swans.



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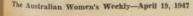
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Now-in Autumn prevent winter Colds and 'Flu

ANTI-BI-SAN

II'3 Adult, 9'- Child



DUCKING in the Thames is the fate of all new recruits to swan-upping after each season's share-out of swans. The ducking is part of the proceedings at party held on Magna Carta Island.



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artists seeking wider scope in London



CONDUCTING as well as oboe playing will be among FORMER PILOT, now an actor, Allan studies of Charles Mackerras, of Sydney. Cuthbertson.





Dancers, musicians, actors have high hopes, great ambition

Radioed by BETTY NESBIT from London

Many young Australians with nothing much save their trunks and a lot of enterprise and ambition have arrived in London to try their luck in the big city.

They are artists, musicians, actors, dancers, and singers, and are the first of the postwar influx of students into England.

THIS first batch of young adventurers travelled in the Rangitiki, in which I was

the Rangitiki, in which I was also a passenger, because the lare was only 880, much cheaper than on previous ships.

Feaked in with tina of food, winter woollies, and tweed suits in their laguage were various stocks-in-trade. With some it was hallet shoes, tights, or boxes of theatrical make-up, with others piles of music or precious musical instruments.

In most cases these treasured possessions were carefully stowed in large hidden under bunks, so that owners could keep their eyes on them, and for the first few days at sea everyone would visit their cabins every half-hour "just to make sure."

Most will supplement their savings by working as well as studying. Every morning at aix o'clock ballet dancers Paul Clementin and his wife Peggy Sager, Malcolin Hughes, of Adelaide, and Brian Ashbridge, of Melaide, imbered up to keep likeli muscles supple.

hele muscles supple.

They did bar work, using the deck rail as the har, to practise nimble entre-chats and brises, to the accompaniment of admiring exclamations from the crew, who found re-hearsals a fascinating diversion from early morning deek swabbing.

Peggy Sager and her husband—Paul Hammond, of Cremorne, Sydney, in private life—have danced with the Borovansky and Kirsova saliets and are well known in Sydney builet circles, Only bad weather inpt them from their physical exercise, and at Balbon they booked a hotel room and spent the day rehearsing.

hotel room and spent the day re-hearing.

They also ate enormous steaks, thinking they "would be the last thinking they would be the last for a long time." They hope to dance at Sadler's Wells.

Tall 12-year-old Brian Ashbridge, who sindled at the Frances Scully School of Dancing Sydney, has already been admitted as a pupil mile famous Sadler's Wells School.

Brian is recommencing his dancing carser after serving in the NZ, Air Purce. He studied ballet with Anton Dollin during a bour of New Zealand and Australia, before the war, with the Bussian Ballet.

He prefers classical ballet, but is

and Australia, before the the Russian Ballet, the Russian Ballet. He prefers classical ballet, but is also interested in Spanish dancing and is an experi castanel player, so accompanies himself for these to accompanies himself for these.

Brian is well stocked with food,

as his mother packed a crate con-taining 190th, of flour and sugar. His friends insist he set up a bakery in London to make "Brian's buns." They said: "You can't possibly eat all that flour and sugar yourself." Ever since he was 11 years old, 19-year-old Malcolm Hughes of Addalde. has been determined to be a ballet dancer, much to the anasement of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Hughes. When the Russian Ballet was in

be a ballet dancer, much to the amazement of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Hughes.

When the Kussian Ballet was in Adelaide he was aged 12, and hung around the stage door until he got a job as an extra.

"This meant walking on and off in stage scenea," he explained "But I earned enough money to pay for lessons from David Lichine."

When Malcolm left school he got a job as a clerk, and in two years had added enough to his schoolby savings to make the trip to London. He also hopes to be a pupil at Sander's Wells.

Another dancer is pretty 19-year-old Marie Gording, of Wellington, New Zenland, who has danced with J. C. Williamson ballets, but is anxious to dance classical ballet only. In London she will try for a theatrical job, so that she can work at night and have ballet lessons during the day.

Actor John Sanger, of Melbourne, also realising a lifelong ambition, by going to London. He is a singer and actor, and has played leading roles with J. C. Williamson's.

After a few days on board many passengers found themselves whistling difficult passages from famous obse concertos. They picked them up listening to Charles Mackertas, of Turramurra, Sydney, one of Australia's leading obse players.

Charles, 21 years old, tall, thin, and red-haired, is hoping to study with famous oboist Leon Goossens. Charles hopes also to study conducting.

He has had a distinguished musical career as principal oboist in the

study conducting.

He has had a distinguished musical career as principal oboist in the Syöney Symphony Orchestra, which he has also conducted.

He composed the entire score for the Department of Information's film "Namatijira," telling the story of the aboriginal artist, which will be released soon. He also composed the music for "Watch Over Japan," another of the Department's films.

A brilliant career is predicted for him in England.

A former Catalina pilot, Alland

NORWAY is the goal of Sydney business girl Enid Metcalfe, who brashed up her Norwegian by conversing with a family of that nationality during the voyage.

Culthbettson, of Perth, spent his deferred pay on the trip. He is an actor, and has played the lead in many. Sydney radio plays. He is 28 years old and has high hopes of getting roles on the English stage.

"There is much to learn in London now with the great theatrical revival," he said. "Even by seeing dozens of plays one can learn a great deal."

Patricia and Doris Rose, of Lind-

great deal."
Patricia and Doris Rose, of Lind-field, Sydney, are going to Sweden, where Patricia hopes to write plays, She has written several radio plays in Sydney and for the amateur-stage. Doris is a stenographer, Whenever there was a concert in

Coolamon everyone expected the Lewis sisters to provide a turn. Two of the family, Gladys and Amy, were on board. Gladys will study singing in London and Amy plans a nursing career.

career.

Gladys is 27 years old, has been singing ever since she was a small child, but if it had not been for the war and her going into the W.A.A.A.F, she would still be singing

at local conserts.
"My family limit rich," she said.
"When I left school I had to stay at
home and help look after the hig
family. When war came I belped

namily. When war came I helped family. When war came I helped Dad on the farm, then decided to go mto the W.A.A.A.P.

"Enveryone seemed to think I had a good voice and after an audition Arnold Matters strengly advised me to study for two years in Sydney, then come to Landon.

"That meant saving every penny I could get. When I got my deferred pay I lived in Sydney studying plano, harmony, German, and flahan.
"It cost me 150 every three months, so my money didn't last long. And how I was to get to England I just didn't know."

But a fairy godmother settled that problem.

problem.
Mrs. J. Hennessy, owner of the

Crown Hotel, Sydney, where Gladya lived, became interested in the young girl's hard work to attain her ambition.

ambilton.

A former Coolamon resident, the provided the fare to London for Gladys and her sister, then went to the home town and organised a concert which raised \$250 for the girls.

The Country Women's Association also became interested and raised funds.

the two hope to get a flat. They have a aplendid collection of household goods, including a teaset which has been in the family for years. To will be like being at home drinking from our familiar cups," said Gladya. Like their follow voyagers, they don't know when they will return to Australia. The voyage was only the beginning. They don't know what lies ahead of them. Perhaps there will be disappointments and setbacks; but being young and hopeful they see only success, which is, after all, the only way to begin any adventure.

Red Cross fund to help Britain

The Australian Red Cross has underwritten £500,000 in food and clothing for flood relief in Britain. Even donation will help us fulfil this promise. Even the proverbial 'widow's mite'

REPRESENTATIVE of A the New South Wales division said this when reporting proudly that one day's sub-

ing proudly that one day's sub-actipions to the division's British Flood Relief Appeal was snowballing to the £4000 mark.

"The subscriptions ranged from three-figure to one-figure suns.
"Response to the appeal has been prompt and generous, indicating the desire of citizens to grass any conor-

prompt and generous, indicating the desire of citizens to grasp any oppor-tunity which will enable them to alleviate the distress of flood vic-time," the official said.

The Flood Relief Appeal is the result of a special 'please help' re-quest to the Australian society by the British Red Cross.

It is the first direct appeal ever

received from the British associ-

received from the British association.

The New South Wales division allocated £20,000 from its funds to start the subscription in this State. All cash donated in New South Wales will be forwarded to A.R.C. headquarters in Melbourne for the purchase of food and clothing for flood victims.

Headquarters will comb the States and explore every avenue in an effort to buy the most suitable articles.

One hundred tons of food is being taken to Britain in the Orion and another huge consignment will leave in the Indian Enterprise.
Coming on top of the hardships and privations of Britain's ice-age winter, the floods are disastrans,

They have cost Britain an estimated \$20 million in damage. Produce and livestock losses include nearly 13 million sheep, 30,000 cattle, 100,000 acres of wheat, and 10,000 tons of potatoes.

During the five weeks ended on March 8—a period when the temperature was only once above freeding-point—11,000 more people died in Britain than in the corresponding period last year. Deaths in London alone were more than 2000 above normal.

The grare warning in these fig-

2000 above normal.

The grave warning in these figures cannot be overestimated.

The British public are responding magnificently to the Flood Relief Fund recently opened in London by the Lord Mayor. The British Government allotted fi million to it.

Every Australian will want to do his or her part in this appeal.

Subscriptions may be sent to the Red Cross Society, 27 Jamieson Street, City.

Editorial

APILIL 10, 1947

BREAD CAN BE BETTER

VISITING cereal expert, Dr. Kent Jones, recently confirmed what housewives have been saying to each other for some time with varying degrees of patience— that our bakers and millers do not make the best use of Australian wheat.

Dr. Kent Jones suggests that we need more facilities for training bakers to give them technical knowledge of their vitally important job.

He suggests, too, that the present system of grading wheat according to appearance instead of chemical content reduces the nutritive standard of our bread.

This system has been abolished in all other wheat-producing countries, but still re-mains in force here under a regulation made in 1888

The housewife, discarding yet another loaf grown mouldy in a few days, might well think that her daily bread is as old as this regulation.

In spite of Government controls, the price of all essential foodstuffs has risen steeply and bread has become more than ever the staff of lifeespecially in thousands of homes where children take their lunch to school, and the family earners must take a sandwich meal to work.

Although most bread is unpalatable, a few bakers produce bread with a high protein con tent, which remains fresh when other bread is parched or mouldy.

If a few bakers can make good bread, why not all of them, the housewife asks reasonably.

Housewives cannot stage a consumers' strike against inferior bread.

But Dr. Kent Jones has translated their complaints into technical criticism and suggested practical improvements.

Every housewife should impress on her baker, her State and Federal members of parliament, individually and through women's organisations, that she will not be satisfied until the bread she buys is the best this country can produce.

Page 18



seems to me DEVISERS of desk calen-

THE Bishop of London, Dr. Wand, who was formerly ibishop of Brisbane, Archbishop blamed Hollywood the other day for much of Britain's immorality and high divorce rate Hollywood gets a fair ahare of blame in this regard. I don't pre-tend to know whother it's justified. I was more interested in Dr. Wand's auggestion that among other causes was the general fear among people of being considered "inhibited."

Dr. Wand has something there. towadays a girl would rather be alled quite a lot of things than shelled as "inhibited" or "frus-

When psychologists started to dish out the dark recesses of the mind in popular form, "inhibition" and "Irustration" became great catch-words. The social outlook on morals—using morals in its narrowest sense—was already changing.

Some of that change was to the good. Some hypocriby and intolerance were swept away. But with them went standards which at least were clear-cut. And they haven't been replaced with any altogether satisfactory code of behaviour.

I was impressed with that change recently when reading Anthony Trolope's autobiography. This 19th century neveliet was continually concerned that no one could accuse him of writing books which were a bad moval influence.

He was proud of the fact that his heroines were

one could accuse him to writing the first that his herolass were always virtuous and that virtue always triumphed. I couldn't help thinking that life in the 19th century must have been easier in many ways. How many of us would be really pleased to hear to-day that it was said of us: "She's such a GOOD girl or woman."

No, if you can't be beautiful, you must aim to be attractive or amusing. And very tiring it is, too.

THIS week Federal and State Ministers for Health will confer on the proposed

national medical scheme.

One aspect of public health which is due for some attention is the plight of doaf people. While not as pressing as some other problems, the fact remains that the high price of deaf aids puts them beyond

pressing as some time probasing that the high price of deaf aids puts them beyond the reach of many people.

Some weeks ago Mr. David Hunter, the member for Croydon, N.S.W., asked a question in the State House about the cast of these aids. Mr. Hunter, who is abind, having overcome a great disability himself, takes a deep interest in the disabilities of others. The cheapest of deaf aids costs about £28. Most run between £30 and £40. I know one young girl, who earns no more than £2/10/- a week, who bought one custing £38. It costs her 3/- per week for batteries, with repairs additional.

An expert tells me that some makes cost people more than 10/- a week to run when the cost of repairs is added to that of batteries.

Many people, anxious to save costs on batteries, use them only on special occasions. Shortsighted people can imagine how unpleasant it would be If they had to keep removing their glasses to save money. Several organizations give assistance to people needing deaf aids, mostly by arranging easy-payment systems.

But an over-all scheme of assistance would be better.

the Fascist salute.

Proving, no doubt, that a cat may look at a

Dorothy Drain

D dars evidently anticipate that the 40-hour week will become general.

They don't bother any more to put any little mottoes and quotations on the sheets for Saturdaya. Not in the model I use, anyway. In fact they lump Saturday and Sunday together without comment; which seems a bareh deprivation of a little diversion for those who have to work on Saturdaya. I notheed this when looking to see whether there was any prophetic quotation for May 3, when Queensland and New South Wales State elections will be held. Because of the swing from Labor in Western Australia, there's great-

Because of the swing from Lao in Western Australia, there's gre-interest in what the merry mon-of May will bring forth politically. The only guidance I found was a ambiguous little couplet of Pop-for the following Monday, May 71, read:

"The same ambition can destroy or save And make a patriot as it makes a knave." Elected and non-elected candidates will be able to read what they like into that.

HAVE a feeling that census collectors are going to earn their money on June 30.

(They'll be paid at rates ranging from 30 - when on foot, with higher rates in areas where they're re-quired to use their own conveyances.)

It's the footsloggers I'm sympathising with because they will be working in crowded city areas—and some of the cenaus questions will ask what sort of house you live in, the number of rooms, whether it has gas, light, running water, bathroom, and how much rent

With housing the way it is, can't you imagine the ear-bashing some of the census-takers will get? I'll bet they finish the day knowing more in-law and family troubles than they'd hear in a lifetime.

TALKING of housing, there's a point about I the many recent prosecutions for un-authorised building which mystified me until

I have always wondered at the temerity of people who started on a house without a permit. A house is not the sort of thing you can hide.

Bricks and mortar are easily discernible. Hammers and things make a noise. Houses in themselves are such objects of interest these days that a new one going up excites as much interest as the Empire State Building.

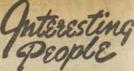
A while back a man was fined £100 for continuing earry out unauthorised building in Sydney.

During the case a prosecuting solicitor said: "There are people of sufficiently good financial standing who can add these fines on as a cost to their building." An enlightening thought.

THE Emperor of Ethiopia, Halle Selassie, has ordered 60 black and 60 grey chargers from the Commonwealth Government. wants them for the Imperial bodyguard.

How classy is Haile Selassie, With a hundred and twenty steeds! Australia's choice is a mere Rolls Royce; Our leaders have simple needs.

Yet what a cop if we tried a swap For this bunch of cavalry, And asked in return for elephants For use by our own G.G.





DR. DOROTHY B. WAUGH dentistry and plastic eyes

AFTER 23 years in U.S.A. II student, doctor, lecturer in mak-ing of false teeth, Melbourne-born Ing or fast teem, who can be come to be come soldiers and civilians. Says: In America it is not unusual for demon and doctors to work 16 hours daily Americans are more inclined to spend money on appearance than on dental



MR. IAN VALLENTINE likes our war poets

SINCE leaving Australia 15 ago, South African Ian Vallenting has been Rector of St. James College has been Rector of St. James College Calcutta, ruin by Anglo Carholic Church, with 700 resident students. During war college was R.A.F. Transit Camp: part of Ian's house was leave centre for troops. He was with E.N.S.A., played with Edita Evans, John Gielgud. Here now on leave he will go to America in October to lecture on war poets from both sides of Atlantic. Will include Australian was poets as he is on in-Australian war poets, as he is so im-pressed with their work.



MISS EDITH PARGETER

most-discussed woman novelist WHILE she was in the W.R.N.S.

Edith Pargeter collected enough data to write a trilogy of the British Army's adventures from Dunkirk to Libya, Singapore, and the Rhine. All three books are so full of detail that men who were in these fields declare no one without personal experience could have written them. Yet this talented writer did not leave Britain throughout the war. Says she got her colorful material mostly by "talk ing to people in trains-and imagina

celebrates Llizabeth



FIRST (Father and mother were in Australia) Thousands name their babies after



SEVENTEENTH (Victory in Africa). Grows into beautiful girl. Still studies hard; but greatly enjoys parties and adores dancing.



TENTH (Edward VIII abdicates). Calls nerself Lilybet. Is great dog lover.



FOURTEENTH (Battle of Britain). Enjoys outdoor life. Is member of Girl Guides. Although evacuated has regular lessons.

NEXT Monday at Capetown, South Africa, Princess Elizabeth, Heiress-Presumptive to the British Throne, will celebrate her 21st birthday at a birthday ball, and the South African Government will give her 400 diamonds worth 220,000.

The pictures on this page show the Princess on various birthdays when events of dramatic importance to her country and her family took place.

Her 18th birthday marked her Royal coming-of-age, which entitled her to ascend the Throne without any Regent in the event of her father's death.

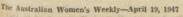
Elizabeth's reaching her majority will mean that she will spend a good deal of her time outside England visiting the dominions and colonies.

Her 21st year may mean, too, the official announcement of her engagement to Lieutenant Philip Mountbatten, R.N., formerly Frince Philip of Greece.

Elizabeth's grooming for official duties has not overcome the nervousness natural to any young girl. When she christened H.M.S. Vanguard on a bitterly cold day in Ghasow, in reply to the naval officers who commented on the cold, she said, with her teeth feel the cold."



NINETEENTH (War ends). She attends Canadian Thanksgiving Service at Westminster Abbey wearing uniform of A.T.S., in which she trained as mechanic and driver.





TWENTY-FIRST (Royal South African Tour). She wins hearts everywhere by graciousness, vivid interest, quick sense of humor.

Amazingly Successful Prescription Brings You

INSTANT ****

SORE THROATS

HOARSENESS

BRONCHITIS

WHOOPING COUGH.

PREVENTS INFECTION

Carynoids Formula Rethery (Fride Gride 18 Acetus Surgon 08 Balson 08 apelat of aireamen Oct. 08 Oil of Quired 36 Houry 93 Oil of tepperaint 3 Paid Color menthal of Twick Forline 018 Instant-Acting ANESTHESIN

COUGHS. COUGH NIGHT INFLUENZA

> SMOKERS' THROAT

> > CROUP

HOW LARYNOIDS ACT

Larynoids bring you immediate relief! The secret is INSTANT-ACTING ANESTHESIN! It's recommended by doctors, Immediately a Larynoid Pastille begins to dissolve in your mouth it releases this amazing specific. It deadens the tortured nerve endings of the affected area

at once! It soothes that acute, irritating rawness of the mucous membrane. It gives the sufferer blissful relief. Meanwhile, other powerful soothing antiseptic and remedial ingredients are protecting the deep-seated areas from the danger of infection.

Throat Pastilles at the first sign of a chill, sore throat, cough, or head cold. Taken in time they can save you long and needless suffering.

WHERE LARYNOIDS ACT

These valuable medicaments, of which there are no less than fourteen, attack the millions of microbes which infect your mucous membrane when you have a cold or sore throat. If taken in the early stages Larynoids will destroy these microbes, preventing them from multiplying and spreading to your pharynx, larynx, bronchial tubes and lungs, where they may cause stubborn and dangerous infections such as Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Pneumonia and Pleurisy.

THE LARYNOIDS FORMULA

Look for the formula printed on every Larynoids packet. It includes the following healing, antiseptic and stimulating expectorants:-

Anesthesin Balsam Ipecac

Menthol Pine Oil

Peppermint Cinnamon Oil Oil of Aniseed

Larynoids are sold in handy sized packets that fit easily in handbag or pocket. Never be witha packet of Larynoids. Your chemist sells them-your doctor will recommend them.

WARNING!

A slight cold or "harmless" chill, if neglected, can easily develop into dangerous chest and lung complaints. Take Larynoids at the first sign of a cough, cold or sore throat. They will give you instant relief and protect you from dangerous winter ills. Keep a packet constantly handy in the home, at the office; always have a bag.

Page 20

Ask at any chemist's for ontaining ANESTHESIN THROAT

Manufactured by: THE WALCOT PTY, LTD., Annandale, Sydney, N.S.W.

RECOMMENDED BY DOCTORS

Larynoids are made scientifically under laboratory conditions, of materials that for purity and freshness comply strictly with the requirements of the British Pharmacopoeia Codex. Medical prac-titioners regularly advise their patients to take Larynoids, the tested and proved throat and chest pastille-suitable for patients of all ages.

KEEP CHILDREN WELL

Don't allow colds to lower your children's resistance to disease Children like the flavour of larynoids, and you can give then with confidence and complete safety to check winter colds.

HAPPY MOTHERS

The whole household is disorganised if mother has to stay in bed with a cold. Larynoids taken at the first sign of a cough or cold will prevent needless suffering and the spread of dangerous is fection.

NO ANXIETY FOR DAD

A breadwinner laid low with a cold can suffer a loss of income Colds need not cause loss of working time this winter. Larynoids taken in time check coughs and colds in the early stages and provent the infection of other members of the family.

A BOON TO SMOKERS

No habitual pipe or cigarette smoker should be without Lary-noids. They prevent that un-pleasant dry mouth and throatal irritation; relieve night coughing which rulns sleep; mouth and banish "Fobacce breath."

New T.B. Director should have widest powers

Urgent need for Australia-wide overhaul of methods of treatment

By DR. R. L. WORRALL

Very terrible is the mental shock suffered by a young woman when told for the first time that she has T.B.

"I felt it was the end of everything!" "I wanted to crawl away by myself, away from everybody!" This is how patients have described their feelings on learning the grim news.

BUT, so often, they cannot get away! Instead, they have to walt weeks or months for hospital beds, staying at home, mixing with other people, spreading the infection . . .

instead of restful peace and quiet, women half-simmed with the severe mental shock have to fight to prevent their nervos getting the better of them in over-crowded houses. Behind their front of cheerfulness is sark lear—fear of never beling able to have children in fear of leaving their families distressed and uncared

Proper accommodation, rest, and are immediately they learn the nature of their illness, are the first

nature of their illness, are the first areds of T.B. patients.

Consider the case of Mrs. M., a married woman who became thred-ao tired that her doctor sunt her to a Sydney clinic for an X-ray. Soddenly collapsing with gastric ramptoms, she was admitted to a general hospital and found to have TB.

Inproving, she had to leave the meral hospital, which did not keep such coses, and was sent home. Becausing worse, she had to wait tensess before finding a bed in a "B hospital".

During this jen weeks, in a highly

young children!

This is the kind of thing that spreads TB from the sick to the healthy, ruining the lives of young people who know nothing of the danger they encounter.

Again there is the case of Mrs.

N. who went to a chest hospital with pulmonary tuberculosis. There she had savgical treatment designed to rest the ling.

After a time her medical consilion becoming stationary, she was

After a time her medical con-miles becoming stationary, she was cent to a sunstorium, where she be-came worse. It was then decided that she needed an extensive rib-removal operation in order to rest the lung by collapaing it. But the sanatorium had no facili-lies for performing this operation. So, the metitution having a long waiting list for admission, Mrs. N. was acta home to wait for a hos-pidal bed.

month followed month, but still no hospital bed was available. Finally when she was at last admitted to haspital, an X-ray showed hat the disease had spread to the disease, her chance of ultimate recovery having therefore become much less.

Such tragefiles call for a drastic outrhaul of the whole system of TB treatment in Australia.

A central body, armed with far-saching executive powers and adequate financial resources, could do much to remedy the present un-histenic, discase-spreading chaos. At present, at least half-a-dozen different organisations struggle man-fully but inadequately with the



SUNSHINE AND PRESH AIR, heritage of all Australian children, are important factors in building up resistance to tuberculosis.

nation-wide problem of T.B.
The Anti-T.B. Association has recently sent out Australia's first mobile clinic through the country spotting T.B. in its early stages.

Newest organisation, the Citizena T.B. League, formed by patients themselves, is holding a Sydney con-ference on April 30 at Federation House.

Then there are the Red Cross, the Returned Soldiers' League, the Queen Victoria Home for Consump-tives, as well as Government institu-tions and private sanatoria all working more or less independently of each other.

At the root of the whole evil is ne shortage of beds and nursing aff. Many beds are idle for lack

The reason is not hard to find.

A woman who is asked to do this most trying and risky type of nursing is offered £260 a year less £61/10/- for board and lodging!

Moreover, poor living conditions

g up resistance to luberculosis.

and lack of recreation make the nurse's life a burden.

Patients who do manage to stay put in a sanatorium often become lost souls, bereft of their former ambitions, worrying lest they be cast adrift to fend for themselves, conscious that in the eyes of the community at large they are like lipers—condemned to hopeless isolation.

Australia has no nation-wide system of helping T.B. cases to regain gradually a useful stare in the life of the community. Rehabilitation is almost unknown as a method of completing a cure of the disease.

Much needed are village settlements for convalescent cases (not for those in early stages of the disease); also training centres for teaching the convalescent suitable new occupations; special light jobs for those who are fit to do some kind of work; "night sanatoria" where some of these well empuels to work can rest peacefully after hours under medical supervision.

Also urgently needed is a sufficient payment with which a T.B. patient can support his dependents while incapacitated.

At the present time, a man with the disease is often driven financially

incapacitated.
At the present time, a man with the disease is often driven financially to a premature return to work. How otherwise, when a totally incapacitated man sets only 32.6 a week?
Laok of finance has reduced many T.B. institutions to a does-house level. In some, early cases mix with those about to die, patients do their own washing with primitive utensis. The staff is reduced to skeleton prospections.

The sizil is reduced to selected pro-portions.

Hospitals accommodating desper-ately ill patients sometimes lack even a resident doctor.

At Sydney's Randwick Auxiliary Hospital, where the most extensive

surgical operations are performed for T.B., there is no dector in resi-

A sanatorium which aims at curing TB sufferers, instead of merely isolating them, must be stimated, furnished, and equipped to instil new hope and reusewed confidence.

The TB, germ attacks not only the lungs, but also the personality.

If proper measures are taken, tuberculosis can be entirely elim-inated in Australia within 38 years.

I quote Dr. A. B. Lilley, ghairman of the Hospitals Commission in New South Wales.

South Wales.

In order to bring this about we need mass radiology of the population for early diagnosts and treatment and the use of B.C.G. vaccine.

This vaccine, which has been in use in Norway since 1937, is the most powerful single weapon for the prevention of T.B.

prevention of T.B.

At Adelaide University, bacteriologist Nancy Atkinson has
made B.C.G. vaccine on a small
scale. Unknown to the great majority of Australians, she is trying to
prevent a disease from which one
out of every 25 living Australians is
going to die.

Russit is

Russia is stamping out tuberculosis with B.C.O. vaccine, and Britain and America are now beginning to follow Scandinavia's lead in this re-spect.

-Other scientists abroad are search-Other scientists arroad are search-ing for a chemical that will destroy the germ within the body of a per-son aleady infected. (Chemother-apy is the name of this method of treating disease.)

So far, streptomycin is the only chemical substance that seems to be effective for this purpose, in cases of tuberculous meaningitis.

of tuberculous meningitis.

In other countries, research on these lines is well advanced. Australia cannot afford to lag behind in treating the problem of TB scientifically, boldly, and without delay. The newly appointed Director of Tuberculous's should have so much power that the Government and the public could blame him personally if the campulgn against TB, were not successful.

That is the system of individual.

That is the system of individual responsibility followed in Russia, and it worked with great success in America in the case of the Tennessee Valley Authority.

David Lillenthal, as one of the three directors of the Tennessee Valley Authority, was given tull power and responsibility to operate a tremendous regional project, on a basts of local democracy. The conversion of the Tennessee

The question of T.B. concerns every Australian parent and all young people.

staff of this hospital understand that mental encouragement is half the battle in overcoming the nerveshattering effects of T.B. infection. Patients cannot pour out their wors to their visitors. If they did there would be fewer visitors. But if the doctors and nurses listen sympathetically to the apoken hopes and fears of those under their care, calm is restored to troubled minds, and the physical benefit of rest in bed is more than doubled.

THIS article was written for The Australian Women's Weekly by Dr. R. L. Worrall, M.B., Ch.M. (Sydney), D.P.H. (England, 1946), a member of the New South Wales Branch of the British Medical Association, Fellow of the Royal Society of Medicine, and Fellow of the Royal Society of Medicine, and Fellow of the Royal Statistical Society, After gradualing with honors from Sydney University in 1926, Dr. Worrall was a resident medical officer at Sydney Hospital, and then did postgraduate work abroad.

Lust year he worked with the health division of UNRRA in Europe as medical statistical of the epidemie-control branch.

He has published a number

branch.

He has published a number of medical works and is a regular contributor to the "News Review," London.

Dr. Worrall is not practising in Author).

dence! And the matron, who man-ages to see all the patients every day, finds time to make up their medicines. Sibe has to, for this hospital—believe it or not—has no

The Randwick Auxiliary Hospital

is an outstanding example of what doctors and nurses can do in the face of adverse circumstances. The staff of this hospital understand that

The Australian Women's Weekly-April 19, 1947

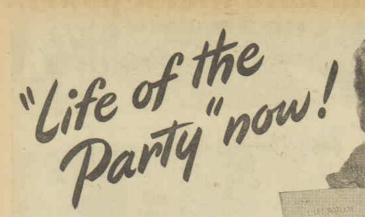
DANGER TO YOUTH

THE T.B. germ specialises in stealthy attacks on the young. In the 15 to 35-year age group, there are more deaths from tuber-

the 15 to 35-year age group, there are more deaths from tuberculosis than from all other diseases.

Do not think that T.B. can be inherited. The germ always spreads from one person to another through coughing, sneering, splitting, etc. Do not be anxious about the possibility of chance infection from contaminated clothing, uphoistery, or crockery in public restaurants. Practically always, the germ is conveyed from the mouth of a T.B. wifeer to the tungs of a susceptible person who lives in the same bosts, or commonly associates with the sufferer at work or elsewhere. The danger lies in those who are infected and spread the disease without knowing it, or who cannot find room in the medical institutions they so badly need.

Tae often, town patients are advised to "go to the country" for the sake of their health. But in the country, those who become ill with T.B. have to come to fown to attend a clinici.

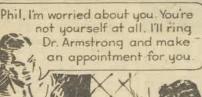


BUT - I was a complete flop a few months ago



But darling this isn't like youyou used to love parties

> Not the way I feel now...tired out, nervy...





Mrs. Carey, your symptoms indicate "NIGHT STARVATION" You probably don't realise it, but while you sleep you must replace energy lost during the day. Even during the night, your heart and lungs continue their work. Naturally. unless this energy is replaced you're bound to wake fired ... become nervy. I recommend





Each glass of Horlick's before bed gives you . . .

Profein - essential to the growth and development of every part of the body. Without protein to form body and tissue cells, growth cannot take place, and then wear and tear resulting from our daily activities is not made good.

Fat - almost entirely derived from milk; an efficient source of energy and also of

vitamins A and D. Carbohydrate — chiefly maltose and dextrin (perhaps the best source of quick energy) and lactose, which is of great value to young children.

Mineral Salts - to help in building tissue and in regulating body activities. These minerals salts include:

Calcium - of which there is a deficiency in many Australian diets and yet is so necessary for building sound bone and ood teeth.

Vitamins A B, B, and D - each fulfilling its own special job in the maintenance of sound



HORLICKS GUARDS NIGHT STARVATION

Page 22 War War War War Jawan Jawan

THE stars favor those born under the signs of Aries and Leo this week, but Sagit-tarians, Cancerians, and Librans, although also favored, may find conditions confusing

Capricornians are likely to strike the most problems this week, so they should plan wisely and exercise

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week;

ARIES (March 21 to April 21);
Koep busy and seek progress and change. April 16 good, 19 (to dusk) seellent; 20 (after 10 a.m.) and 21 to noun) both very good.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22);
Plan ahead, for good weeks come soon. Meanwhile April 19 (to sunger), 20, 21 (afternoon), and 22 seesent 8 am. to 10 a.m.) all help-fill Rest of week poor.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22);
April 15 fair, 18 (to 5 p.m.) good; 18 and 20 (except 8 a.m. to 10 a.m.) excellent. Rest of week poor.

Il and 20 (except 8 a.m. to 10 a.m.) excellent. Rest of week poor.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23):
Beware discord row, and avoid new molecus and legal trouble, especially as April 15 (early), 19, 20, and 21.
These may seem favorable, but are stelly

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Speed up important matters this week. Early part of week poor, but April



lle says it's eatin' grasshoppers -but did you smell his breath?"

VIRGO (August 24 to Sept. 23): Zeep to routine tasks this week, but plan for hetter days. April 17 and is poor: 19 (to dusk), 20 (except 8 am, to 10 a.m.), 22 (evening), and 21 all helpful.

LIBEA (Sept. 23 to Oct. 24); Avoid tables and indiscretions now, the cally on April 19 (evening) and 30 (8 am to 10 am.). Balanco of these dates is impredictable and thick, so keep to routine.

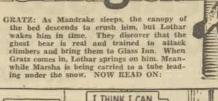
SCORTIO COCT. 26 TO MOV. 221: Runh
SCORTIO COCT. 26 TO MOV. 221: Runh
SUMMINIANI MARIES SOW, for difficult slays
which and indeed of first week is tricky,
or both best deve are April 17; 18 (except
and the season of the season of the season of the
AARTYAMILES (Nov. 28 To Dec. 22):
Mind week with everyal adverse days
and seek to everyal adverse days
and seek days and to be seem
and the seek days and to be seem
and the seek days and to be seem
and the seek days apply 16; 19; 19; 19;
and 12 (naverse 12); 8 courts
and 15 (navers

Your Coupons

TEA: 0 to 20 SUGAR: 50 and SIO (cumulative). BUTTER II to 15, MEAT: Black, 39 to 35; green, 23 CLOTHING: 237-118 (expire June



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, are search-ing for heautiful MARSHA DALE: and her guide. The two dis-appeared when climbing the slopes of hear-haunted Glass Mountain. When Mandrak and Lothar reach the summit, they find Glass Inn, run by sinister proprietor



















6-YEAR-OLD WORK TROUSERS GOOD FOR YEARS YET THANKS TO

REGULAR WASHING WITH VELVET SOAP



CHARMING FARMER'S WIFE, MRS. C. WURST. of Pine Grove, Lyrup, S.A., tells how useful she finds Velvet Soap down on the farm.





TAKE A TIP FROM MRS. WURST AND WASH THE EASY VELVET WAY. NO NEED TO RUB AND SCRUB YOUR CLOTHES AND LINENS THREADBARE TO GET THEM CLEAN

WHEN YOU USE VELVET, EVEN GROUND-IN GRIME COMES AWAY EASILY SAFELY, ITS EXTRA SOAPY



AND HERE'S ANOTHER VELVET TREASURE, LADIES!

Mrs. Wurst is showing her 26-year-old shawl to a young friend. The fine baby in the picture is Mrs. Wurst's son, now a sturdy farmer. Writes Mrs. Wurst: "The shawl is still in perfect condition after 26 years. I always washed it in Velvet Soap and lukewarm water. I never rubbed, just squeezed it through the suds. I can't speak highly enough of Velvet-it's an absolute boon to the busy housewife and mother!"

Actual letter on our office files.

WINDOW-WATCHER FLOORED!



KITCHEN & SONS







GEORGE GEORGE DARLING, YOU AND VELVET ARE MARVELLOUS! THE WHOLE HOUSE IS SPARKLING CLEAN, AND I'M FRESH AS WHEN I STARTE

AS WELL AS IN THE LAUNDR

Former victims of Japs here on health trip

Their families entertained men of the 8th Division in Malaya

Three Cingalese women, whose families entertained members of the 8th Division in Malaya, are in Australia recovering from im-prisonment during the Japanese occupation. They are Mrs. H.B. Talalla and her nieces, Winifred and Elsie, of Kuala Lumpur.

Winifred for two months.

Mrs Anne Campbell, of Rose Bay,
sedney, invited Mrx Talalla and
Winifred to stay with her to return
the inspitality they gave her son
Peter, who was a major with the
an Division, five years ago,
"Peter was just like one of the
family," said Mrs. Campbell, "and
now we want them to feel they're
part of our family here."

The visitors spent some weeks in
witern Australia, where Elaie is
still ataying, as she is not well enough
to travel long distances yet.
Picturesque firques in their lovely

is travel long distances yet.

Picturesque figures in their lovely saris and heavy silver jewellery, Mrs. Tabilla and Winifred have been to a mannequin parade, a surf caralyla, a Girl Guide rally, ferry trips, and a trip on the underground rall-way—all first experiences for them. The things that have struck them must during their stay here are our pseudial food the robust health of Australian children, and the versality of the Australian housewife, who does her own housework and cooking and "atill finds time to have him."

in. They have entertained Sydney sinds at an Indian curry dinner, and some of their rice ration and intrees and other ingredients lich they brought with them from

Malays.

Winifred and her aunt have been trying to buy materials for new sars as most of those they brought

MRS. TALALLA and Elsis with them are five or six years old. The quite a problem," said Winifred and the five as major with the material for one surt, and the fine five as many coupons as you need for your frocks."

Mrs. Talalla's nusband and his Sydney, invited Mrs. Talalla and Winifred to stay with her to return the haspitality they gave her son before, who was a major with the fin Division, five years ago.

"When the Japanese came, a Jap-lese officer lived in our house for to months." Winifred said.

He was quite pleasant, and after he had been there two months divulged that he was there to spy on us, but he had found nothing suspicious about its and thought someone had informed on us out of suite.

someone nan movimen on splice spite.

"After that a military police officer stayed in the house.
"For eight months we did not know that every member of the family was being trailed every day."

family was being trailed every day.

"The military police went through all our papers and tound that my cousins Sonny and Jimmy were in the RAP, that my uncle had made a big donation to the Malaya Patriotic Pund, and that we had been friendly with the ALP.

"At 2 o'clock one morning we were all atrested—150 of ex—even the youngest boys in the family, our relatives, friends, and servants.

"My father, who was 73, my mother, my sister Phyllis and her two-months-old baby were released next day, but the reset of us were herded into gadi.

"My uncle and aunt and all the men and boys were taken to the military gaol, the rest of us to the civilian gaol.

"At one stage there were twenty-cigit of us in a thy cell. Then we were all taken away to solliary confinement.

"After two months all of us were released event or ottole and aunt.

released except my uncle and aunt my sister Elsie, and six of the boys

My father died in February, 1945, and it soon became known that we were a household of women without protection, and looters began to worry us.

worry us,

"Phyllis and I saw the military
police and begged them to release
the rest of the family, but it seemed

"Then, two weeks later, at two o'clock in the afternoon, we saw them coming home. They had walked the three miles from the gaol—all except Fise, who had to be carried home on a stretcher.

"My uncle, who has a weak beart and diabetes, was a big man when he was imprisoned. When they re-leased him after 16 months' solitary confinement he weighed only 70 pounds."

pounds."

Mr. Talalla, who is a business man in Kuala Lumpur, is at present in India attending the Inter-Ania Conference as a delegate from Malaya Shortly before leaving for Australia, Mrs. Talalia received official notification that her eldest son, Henry ("Sonny"), who had been possied missing on an operational flight, was dead.

Her other Air Force son, Jimmy.

flight, was dead.
Her other Air Force son, Jimmy won a D.F.C. and Bar.
Another son, Andrew, is in Ceylon waiting to enler medical school. She is hoping she may be able to find a yacancy for him at an Australian University. Her other four sons are still at school.

still at school.
Whilfred and Elsie are on leave
from their jobs in Kuhla Lumpur.
Elsie works in the Post and Telegraph Department and Whilfred is
appervisor of the Mechanical
Accounting Section in the Railways.



VISITORS FROM MALAYA, Miss Winifred Telalla and her aunt, Mrs. H. B. Telalla (right), mother of seven sons. Many Australians were entertained at their home in Knala Lumpur, Malaya.

She does not "long to be single again"

EVERY time I pick up a T paper, I read about the poor married woman. How happy, Independent, and free the was before marriage. Now that she is married, she is free no longer

Ber life is not her own, she has out an individuality, all avenues for standard and the standard standard standard was single she was free, but now she a just a work-worn, tired slave with o personality.

Well. I may have a lot to learn, but I think marriage is wonderful. Before marriage every day was the same the same the same the same faces in the same office, saying the same things. The same monotonous job that I had been doing every day for the same street, and a bose who let me know in no uncertain way if my work was not up to standard.

How I pitted the unfortunate men a the office, when I realised that hey would probably be doing this ame thing year after year, until

when the man of my dreams home after the war, and asked marry him, what do you think

Marriage has given me the free-dam five always wanted. If I feel Id like to go to town, I rush like mad with my housework, and have an element of wonderful window-tomping. Boby is rather heavy to arry, but how proud I am of him. And every time I go out I meet aware, friendly chat, and I learn something I didn't know before.

As for being narrow-minded, I have had more opportunities to broaden my mind and outlook than but before. I switch on the wirethe news, or talks on music, 5/- to Mrs. Lily Burwood, 8 Dun-

What's on your mind

city, I can always dash into a news-reel for an hour to keep up with current events.

Exercise will prevent anyone from being fat and unattractive. A walk or tennis with the giri-friends, while baby sleeps in his pram, are the best remedies.

What's wrong with all you married women? Stop mouning and enjoy yourselves. It is a grand life if you'd only realize it.

£1 to Judith Evans, Chapel St., Peahran, Vie.

By the case

AT one time fruit was not con-sidered the necessity we now know it to be, and if we had the proverbial "apple a day" we satlaned all laws of health as well as our own conticiones.

Now we know that a complete diet of fruit and vegetables is really the cheapest way to good health in the

I buy whatever fruit I can by the case, from anywhere I can get it, but, having four young children, it is not always convenient to go looking for it.

looking for it.

If there was a central bureau where one could order a case of really good fruit at reasonable cost. I'm sure it would be patronised by thousands of housewives. They would have the health of their families at heart, and would prefer to buy their fruit in larger quantities.

We would like to be able to order not only the usual apples or oranges, but anything from cherries and ismouts to banancas and pineapples.

Plenit of growers would be will-

Pienty of growers would be willing to co-operate in such a scheme
by supplying dependable fruit. They
would very likely profit more by
this scheme than they have done
by disposing of their fruit in the
urual way.

PEADERS are invited to write to the this column, expressing their column, expressing their column, expressing their column, and the third column, and the third column, and the third column to the third column, and differ column to the third colum

Conscience boxes

IN a crowded tram it is often most IN a crowded fram it is often most difficult to locate the conductor, when only travelling a short way, in order to pay your fare. If you run along the side of the tram waying mostey in the air after you get off, you get little satisfaction.

The passengers are annoyed at the delay, and look at you with expressions which wary from "That's



Sales talk

A GENTS are back on the road again, now that the petrol situa-tion is so much easier. This is quite in order, but some become persistent.

in order, but some become persistent, trying to force one to buy something which is neither needed, wanted, nor financially possible.

To those in distress I pake on my brother's effective means for ridding himself politely of annoying agents. Try to sell THEM something.

He says it never falls. He hit on the idea once after refusing eight times to buy a separator.

He said brightly: "No, thanks, but I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll sell you a black cow." Startled Agent: "But—but—I don't

want a cow."

Brother: "You simply can't miss
this bargain. She's a fine old cow.

Been in the family for years. A

corking auccess. Cheap at a fiver.

The agent left.

to Anne Green, 118 Lonsdale elbourne. St. Melbe

Destination unknown

WHERE are we exactly? That is a question often asked on our railway journeys.

right, make a show of your housesty! to "Silly fool."

The conductor is usually amazingly politic, considering that he has to juggle for change and punch your ticker at an angle of about 45deg. Would it not be possible to have "unepilected fare" boxes at the exits of trams into which people could drop their unpule fares? I am sure the tramways would benefit from these, as the majority of propie are honess if honesty is made casy.

5/- to A. M. Morrison, "Hazelmere," Hazelmere Parade, Grace-ville, Qld.

Wy not have the name of the station in the platform, and inght at both ends of the platform, and the were we arrive at a country station we might be anywhere for all we can see.

Another method which is moperation in Europe is to have an automatic apparatus, worked perhaps from the guards wan, which shows the mane of the station brightly illuminated at night at both ends of the platform, and the platform, and when we arrive at a country station we might be anywhere for all we can see.

Another method which is moperation. Europe is to have an automatic apparatus, worked perhaps from the guards wan, which shows the majority of proper are honess if honesty is made casy.

5/- to A. M. Morrison, "Hazelmere," Hazelmere Parade, Grace-ville, Qld.

Kindly homes needed for the old falk

TERRIFIC problem is pre-A sented to members of a family when the aged mother is unable to take care of her-

Rest homes ask exorbitant prices to care for the old folk, and few homes are prepared to take them unless they are able to walk about and attend largely to themselves.

The question of "Who will have mother?" raises its ugly head, and as the youngest of the grand-children lasim so much of the sen's and daughter's time, the old ladies cannot receive the attention and quiet to which they are entitled.

It is hard to realise the despera-tion with which we younger mem-bers of the family try to keep the youngsters quiet for their grand-mother's sake.

What we need are suitable, sympa-thetic homes for the aged, with mod-erate fees, and the knowledge that there will be kind and considerate people caring for them.

5/- to Mrs. B. Green, 22 Adelaide Rd., Henley Beach Sth., S.A.

Present of opals

H.R.H. Princess Elimabeth is due to have her twenty-first birth-day when in South Africa during the Royal bour. The Government of South Africa is making her a present of £20,000 worth of specially selected diamonds.

Australia produces one of the most Australia produces one of an most beautiful gems in the world—the opal. I feel that our Government would have the support of everybody if they decided to make a present of opals to our future Queen.

Bd., to H. B. Fletcher, 19 Moxon

Page 25



DOWN FROM YASS. Mrs. E. J. Merriman, of Ravensworth, Yass, and her pretty little daughter-in-law. Mrs. Owen Merriman, formerly Pam Scrittener, who was married toward the end of last year. Pam's race ensemble was oyster sheer wood worn with wide-brimmed brown hat.



FASHION PARADE, Nicole de Quorice poses in one of the gowns she modelled for the fashion parade organized by the Younger Set of the Kindergarten Union. Mrs. Bill Kendall, who is the president of the Younger Set, pures with her in one of her race-model gowns... lime-green creps with plastic buttons.



HAPPY COUPLE. Peter Boulton, ex-R.A.F. and R.A.F., and his bride, formerly Doris Brentnall, leave St. Philip's, Church Hill, by car for reception at Amory. Doris is daughter of the W. W. Brentnalls, of Experimental Farm, Wagga.



PRETTY SUB-DEBS snapped at Prince's. S Fielding Jones, and Rosemary Turnbull seem Sue Playfa'r (left), Jenhifer Chapman, Diana Greaves, Moar om to have plenty to talk about in the way of Easter parties.



IN OFFICIAL STAND. Mr. Peter Wilsullen, Mrs. L. A. Pavitt, Mrs. M. F. Bruxner (wife of State Country Party leader), and Mrs. John Sinclair, Collymongle are interested speciators at the official opening of the Royal Shaw by Gonersor, General Northcott.



ENTHUSIASTIC PUNTERS. Mr. and Mrs. N Hill arrived in the rain for the first day of the carnival at Randwick. Mrs. Hill, who is always for her smart dressing, wore a soft dressmake



THERE'S going to be an awful lot of cold birdies this year if Randwick is any indication of fashion style in hats. Like the girl in the old song who wore an Easter bonnet with a little bird upon it, so did many of our most fashionable racegoers. Nearly all the really outstanding models were helped along by our feathered friends. The members' stand long by our feathered friends. The members' stand long by a parrot's case . . although it'd have to be a pretty strong bird to stand up to the crush!

PEATHERS ranged from swiring bird-of-paradise plumes down to the old barnyard variety. But the goose who shed his feathers to trim Mrs. Eric Strellia's Aage Thaarup model must have come from a very superior barnyard, methinis. I bet that same bird must be suffering from "goose pimples" now, unless he's hurried along and grown himself a new set. Mrs. Strelliz wore THE hat with a wonderful black sult trimmed with attractive horses rampant, or, perhaps because I'm Show-conscious, they looked like buck-jumpers to me.

DIANA SCOTT WAINE must have been listening to Grade Fields song about the "biggest aspidistra in the world," and caught on to the idea of having the tallest feather in the grandstand. The feather, which was saucily attack in her greet beret, seemed to soar to the rafters.

CHAT with Mrs. Herbert Douglass, who chooses black suit for first day of race festival at Randwick black sets off her fairness to perfection and find it hard to believe that those two sub-deb heari-treakers, Gordon and Bill Douglass, are her sons. She tells me party she and her husband, Herbert, gave for boys at the Australia was great success from her point of view. "Just think of all those entree dishes that didn't have to be cleaned at home!" says Cynthia gally. She explains that, previously parties for the boys have been held at their Rose Bay home, where one chore alone is the taking up of wall-to-wall carpet throughout the honse for young people to dance. Hear from members of the younger set from members of the younger set that attended dance that it rated



EASTER BRIDE. Mrs. Osmar Blau, formerly Bea Pyper, le Stephen's Church. Bea is only child of late Mr. A. Pyper and of Pyper, of Wollstonecraft. She wore wedding-pown belonging to Thorburn, formerly Twinkle Blau, sister of the bridegroom. sent the gown from New York for occasion.

"WHEN are those Playfairs going to run out of pretty daughters?"
was the query of a racegoer at Randwick. Each hig postwar meeting another member of the family has Joined the ranks of punters, and this year pretty Sue Joined the Easter parade with her sisters. Mrs. Alec McLeod, Mrs. Keith Gollan, and Wendy Playfair.

DASHING past to queue up to the Tote window, June Carney tells me she is shivering to death, but I would have shivered gladly if I possessed the lovely pure silk frockshe wore — a wide-brimmed hat trimmed with cyclamen swansdown to match the soft cyclamen to match the soft cyclamen tonings of her dress completed June's Easter race-meeting frock.

No doubt about it, these country folk must have a good weather eye. As I arrived at Randwick dripping with rain, first person I see is pretty Jil Robinson, of Kimo, Gundagal, weaving a leaf-green plastic raincoat printed with a leaf-design. She is closely followed by her Sydney hostess, Mrs. Jack Field, of Red Hill, Gundagal and Bellevue Hill, who also possesses a anappy white plastic raincoat. Mrs. Field has humper Sunday night cockail party to entertain country friends.

Guesta were entertained at cockails, buffer meal, and, later, supper at her city home at Bellevue Hill. Among guests were the Wal Horsleys, of Gundagal, Griff Taits, of Cobarralong, Mr. Otway Falkiner and George Falkher, the Ewart Brisbans, and the Sid Allbrights.

The Griff Taits, by the way, combine with Sam and Lindsay Osborne for a "do" at the Golf Club over race week. NO doubt about it, these country

DOWN from property at Delegate, Gordon and Valimai Mackay take time off between going to the Show and inspecifing yearlings to attend Randwick with Valimai's mother, Mrs. Fred Searl, and Pat Searl, who comes over from Melbourne for Easter festivities in Sydney, Pat tells me that her sister Lorna (Mrs. Edward Knox) leaves for England with baby daughter Adrienne to Join her husband.



SIGNING THE REGISTER. Attached the period of the register at St. Philip's, Church Hill, while he husband Jooks on. Bride formet's Mrs. Margaret Sharp, adove a Squadron - Leader Arthur J. Sharp, D.F.C., R.A.A.F., and younger daughter of the J. G. Huftons, of Glen-Ayr, Harden.

CONSTANT stream of telegrand telephone calls, and flower is bet Brunton and Mrs. Maholm McBachern, who are "flotting together at Point Piper sfine their arrival in the Orion. "We wer met at the ship with great armidal of flowers, and the flat has been ful of blooms ever since we arrived said Hazel McEachern ship I phoned her to have a chat.

It is 27 years since she vieted Australia . . in the meanting in has made her home in Loudon, which her late husband, Makedam McEachern, of "Plotsam and desaim" fame, was singing and making recordings. Hazel also greeted by her father, Mr. Stewart A. Doile of Ashfield, whom

of Ashfield, whom

she had not seen since leaving here-

Lebortina

WOMAN we know wanted A a new black frock. She went into a large department store recently, was mildly impressed with one she believed to be marked £5.

to be marked £5.

She tried it on and looked at it critically in the mirror, thinking hat it would do very hicely in the home for entertaining, especially as it was only £5. Then she took another look at the price ticket and stifled a scream. It was £85.

"Heavens, no, take it away," ahe said, scrambling out of the dress.

"Oh, but, madame," said the salessiri, "It really is a lovely frock—so mart, and with the new harem shirt."

"It may have a harem skirt," answered the customer firmly, "but I haven" a sultan to buy it for me."

Helping artists

THE Minister for Elre and his wife. Dr. and Mrs. Thomas Kiernan, plan to raise a £1900 fund to send a young artist to study abroad.

recently arrived in Australia.

The Irish diplomat and his wife are anxious to play a part in Australia's cultural development and lave already helped a young sprano.

When they heard Patricia Howard, 23-year-old South Australian, sing at a concert in Melbourne, Mrs. Rieman was so impressed that the cabled Maestro Morelli in Rome, asking him to accept a young Australian pupil.

trailian pupil.

Last month Mrs. Klernan organled a concert at Melbourne Town
fall, at which she sang herself,
to launch the £1000 fynd needed for
Patricia's studies.

We'll keep on singing until we get it. Patricia will leave for over-seas in September," says Mrs.

Nursing in U.S.

SHORTAGE of nurses is just as acute in America as it is in Australia, according to Sister Dorothy Barber, of Yass, who is at present mirsing at the Eye Institute, Medical Centre. New York.

Alias Barber is the only Australian at the Medical Centre, which, she are, is the most modern and possibly the largest of its kind in the world.

But she writes: 'I had always magined that nursing in an American hospital would be almost futurious for both nurse and patient. How distillusioned I have been. 'To too hospital in England during the war years was the nurse shortage as acute as here. (Miss Barber was nursing in England diroughout the war.)

Patients know nothing of the

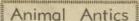
Patients know nothing of the comforts they might have—yet the comforts they might have—yet the comforts they might have—yet the comforts and modern conveniences would make nursing an absolute loy. If there were enough nurses, 'But nearly every other type of orck offers a more attractive salary for shorter hours.

The nursipe I am avertage in the contraction of the contrac

The nursing I am experiencing bere is not the same as that we mow in Australia. Indeed, here it becomes almost accretarial work. There is an extraordinary amount of clerical work unnecessary. I consider it. Any really worthwhile nursing—surfiel dressings site.

surgical dressings, etc.

Meals are not pr vices for the staff.
Entra salary is given,
and cafeterion are
scattered through the Centre to supply meals for cash, to nurses and forton. This seems to double. It is seems to all Certainty I find the cost of living much higher than in England and could never manage to live in comfort on the salary hope.





"Oh, oh! Chewing yum! There's another expedition on the loose."

Church for sale

A MONG the advertisements in a Sydney daily for building materials recently was one which

"For sale, Anglican church in good order. Roof and walls of galvanised corrugated iron; floor, celling, and lining of cypress pine. Situated ten miles from Barmedman."

The rector of St. John's Church of England, Barmedman, tells us that the church, St. Luke's, Trungley, connecrated in 1921, has not been used for some years.

When it was built there were acceral large Anglican families in the district. Many of them have since moved away.

Besides, in 1921 most people trav-elled by sulky or buggy. Now with cars the ten miles to Barmedman has dwindled, and those who used to attend St. Luke's prefer to go to the Parish church, St. John's, at Barmedman

When we went to press, the church hadn't been sold, but there had been many offers, for, as the rector told us, "The scarcity of good corrugated from makes it desirable."

A RETIRED Swedish sea captain told us the other day that he still found it hard to pronounce the letter j. In Sweden j is given the sound of y. "For 20 years," he sighed, "I have been trying to say yokes (jokes), and now they call them wisecracks."

Civil service !

THE Rationing Commission gets a tribute from Mr. Ian Valentine, rector of St. James' College, Cal-culta, recently arrived in Australia on 12 months' leave.

He walked into the Commission's He waight into the Commissions a Sydney office, was greeted with "Welcome to Australia, Mr. Valen-tine." and walked out four and a balf minutes later with his entire rationing business completed.

THE LITTLE SCOUTS



The Australian Women's Weekly-April 19, 1947

English mail

OUR mailibag these days nearly always includes some letters from English readers. Many write to ask us to thank Australians for food parcels, others to tell us things they think may interest our readers.

readers.

Among those in our latest batch is one from Mrs. Florence Adamson, of Oldbury, near Birmingham, who tells us that she has been corresponding for 25 years with an Australian pen-friend, Mrs. K. Olafsen, of Salisbury, South Australia. The two women were children when they began to write to each other.

we have kept up the correspon-dence through school, college, marriage, and motherhood," says Mrs. Ademson. "The only real break was during the bombing of Britain." We have kept up the correspon-

Another letter comes from a 23year-old stenographer. Betty Moss
of Brighouse, Yorkshire, who wants
to correspond with an Australian
friend exchanging copies of The
Australian Women's Weekly for an
English weekly paper.

"I live in the heart of the industrial West Biding of Yorkshire, the
centre of the wool industry," writes
Betty, "but don't let that put you
off. It's not half so black as it
sounds. There are some of the most
beautiful parts of our little island
within a few miles of here."

Used stamps

YET another English letter comes from a clergyman who asks us children in Australia would be terested in the work done by his unday-achool pupils for sick chil-

Sunday-school pupils for sex emi-dren. For years the Sunday-school child-dren have collected used postage stamps, and by this means have provided money to maintain two beds in a hospital.

In 1946 they collected one and a half million used stamps.

The clearwage who is the Bey

half million used stamps.

The clergyman, who is the Rev Charles H Newland of St. Nicholas Congregational Church, 54 Mornington Avenue, Ipswich, England, hopes to hear from Australian children who would collect used stamps to send him, and promises that all letters will be answered.

Designed uniforms

A TYPIST in the Repairiation Department in Melbourne, Betty Bottriell, has designed the nurses' uniforms to be used throughout Aus-tralia by the Repairiation Nursing Sarutes.

trails by the Repatriation Narsing Service.

When Matron G Field was appointed recently as Headquarters Matron at the Repatriation Commission, one of her first jobs was to arrange a standard design of nurses uniforms.

Betty Bottriell, typist, asked permission to submit a design. In two hours she produced sketches, giving details of sleeves, cuffs, and detachable collars.

She also designed a uniform for hospitul assistants.

Matron Field was so impressed with the designs that the submitted them to higher authority for approval. They were accepted immediately.

dialely.

That afternoon the designs were displicated, packed, and posted to all branch offices in Australia, and those types of uniforms will ultimately be worn by all Repatriation nurses and hospital assistants.

Betty is 19, and lives at Belsige Avenue, Cauffield. She has been a typist at the Repatriation Commission Headquarters since she was 15, and has spent two years of evening classes in General Arts at Cauffield Technical School.

Foresight

SEASONED travellers have it all over first voyagers in postwar hixnry liner travel.

For instance, when the glamor ship Orion reached Melbourne en route for Sydney from England, a Melbourne woman paid the ship's halrdresser a special visit to book up a series of hair appointments to be kept when alse boards the ship as a passenger when it sails from Melbourne this week.

Her woollie has that NEW look ...



Woollies stay new-looking far longer with gentle Lux care!

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described and a contract of the contract of th







ve left my bag in the car.

wird five left my bag in the car. I'll run back for it."

He said at once: "Til go, darling." No, you go and order the tea. Til go back."

She went back and opened the door, taking her bag out of the pocket. Something hard met her fingers, and she drew it out with her bag. It was an expensive powder compact that she had not seen before. Thoughtleasly she pushed it back again. As she turned from the car, Peter came up beside her. He took one look at the expensive and gave an impressed woil whistle. She leaned against the car, a mixture of emotions fighting within her Amusement at his series unconcern; anger against him for making if the so complicated; anger with Edward for having expensive and mysterious female belongings in his car to prick her mind with sudden doubt.

doubt.
"Peter," she said frantically, "Tve
made an awful mistake. I forgot it
was your Sanday to go and see the
children. I didn't go last week, and
I got mixed up. I'm taking Edward
down to introduce him to them. It's
got to happen some time."

got to happen some time."

Peter's eyes took her in from the crown of her enchanting hat to the toes of her expensive shoes with scrutiny, derkilon, and approval.

"Not on my Sunday," he said quickly. "You look tovely, Bernice, but too thin, I like you plump and comtortable."

Confortable. The word sounded like a forgotten fairy-tale. Suddenly Bernice, surrounded by every physical tuxing, longed for real comfort sagain. The comfort and security of a certain purpose of mind.

Peter was patting Edward's carappreciatively.

bloke?" he asked in a puzzled

voice.
"What do you mean?" asked Ber-nico frigidiy. "You've never me

"No?" Peter said. "You may be interested to hear that I sold him this passion waggon. I'd like to know," he added ruminatively, "just when he are all his petrol!"

where he added ruminatively, "just where he gets all his petrol," Peter was walking round the car, like a horse-dealer weighing up an animal's points. His fair head was a little on one side and his face was brick-colored where the wind had caught him. He went back to Getald and kicked its tyres affectionately. Bernice saw a large hole in the sole of his old brogue, and anyer welled up inside her again. "I like pomething with a reasonaine under its bonnet," he said eventually, "something that lasts." "I suppose that's a hit at me?" the said acidly. His look was knowledgeable, mocking.

"You're all right, Bernice—it's the copie you mix with."

control all right. Bernor-us according to the profile you mix with."

All her pent-up anger exploded. "Look who's talking!" she exclaimed. "Why, you're a positive disgrace. At your age you ought to have more sense than to come out in an open car on a day like this without any overcoat. And you'll get shoutchitts again. And suppose you get ill, who is going to look after you, I should like to know?"

She talled off into silence and found him quite near her, looking down at her. By Just lifting his hand the traction of an inch ne could have touched her. Her heart shook, and she moved away.

"Well, I'm going to see the kids," he said firmly. "You can introduce what's-his-name whenever else

Continued from page 7

Belong to

you like, but he's not muscling in on my day. He doesn't really count at all in this show. It's just you and me and the children."

She said in a flat, defeated voice:

"All right."
She turned away, went into the tea-room and sat down beside Edward. He looked at her white face, ner tremfiling lips.
"What's the matter?"
There was no point in avoiding it any longer.
"The just seen my husband."
"Here?" he asked incredulously.
"Yes. He passed us on the road. In Gerald—I mean in that old tourer."

"You mean the garage fellow?"
"Yes," said Bernice coldly, "the garage fellow. He's going to see Shells and Janet to-day, so I think it would be better if we postpoued our visit to another time."

There was a passa. This Edw.

There was a pause. Then Edward and decisively: "I can't see why we should do that!"
"But Edwards she protested, "it will mean a scene."

"This is getting ridiculous, Ber-nice," he said sharply. "There won't be-any scene. If we go now, we'll probably catch them before they go out and you can introduce me. Then the children can choose for themselves."

me. Then the children can choose for themselves."

When they drove into the school drive. Gerald was already parked there. Shella and Janet, looking very clean and Sundayish in the historicolored camel-hair costs she had just bought them, were hopping round Peter poking their noses over his shoulders and benrath his chows. Peter slood creet, wining the grease off his fingers on a piece of rag as Bernice and Edward drove in, and the big car came to a silent standstill. The three of them, blood and comically silke, stood in a row and watched Bernice's tordly arrival.

As Bernice came towards them the girle squeated an excited welcome, but Peter still stood watching in allence, grave and detached. Edward followed Bernice, smiling, handsome, self-assured. He had some chocolates for the children in two boxes beautifully wrapped with cellophane and ribbon. and ribbor

Bernice hugged both the little girls, then detached herself with her hair a little ruffled and began intro-

"Peter, this is Mr Berkland — Edward, this is Edward, this is Peter, my hus-band — or rather —" her voice died out

died out.

Edward put his hand out, a little amused at the unusual situation but gracious and civilized as always. But Peter stuck his hands in his pockets.

children.

"Shella, Janet, this is—a friend of mine Mr. Berkland." She could not think of anything else to say. The two smooth, "fair heads nonded, Shella watchful and suspicious, Janet had her eyes on the chocolates, and as always when anything masculine appeared, turned on the full battery of her charm and her lovely Cheshire out with of walcome. cat grin of welcome

"That's a lovely car," she said appreciatively,

"Thank you, Janet." Edward amiled and took her hand, attracted by her impertment, vivid youth. He gave her one of the boxes of choco-

She said: "Scrummy!" and opened them at once.

them at once.
Enward offered the second box of chocolates to Shella, who accepted them with a curr "Thank you."
Bernice saw Edward's cycbrows lift with a faint, amused irritation, as he turned back to Janet, working on the one person present who was impressed and willing to be charmed.
"I'm glad you like them, because I shall know what to bring you next

time. Mummy and I were noping you and Shella would come out with

you and Shells would come out with us for the day."

Shells folded her arms, and announced without a flicker of hesitation: "I'm going with Dad."

She looked at Edward with dislice, and his charm became a little face and its charm became a little face wish. Suppose you go with your wish. Suppose you go with your daddy, and Janet comes with us? If you'd like it, we could meet you both somewhere for tea."

His you'd like it, we could meet you both somewhere for tea."

both somewhere for tea."

His voice was friendly and que but a thing that Bernice had be frightened of had happened. I thing that Peter had declared sho never happen. They were fore Janet to decide. Janet, who only seven, who just wanted to hatte most fun and not have her he spit up with sault complicationa. Suddenly Janet collapsed it tears, her loyalties torn in two. "It tent' fair," she walled, "I want to go with Dad, but I want funning as well. It's not fa You're all horrid I don't know wh

Mummiy as well. It's not f You're all horrid! I don't know w to do!"

to do!"

Bernice shot across to her and in a moment, had her in her arms kneeding on the gravel, refardies a fragile stockings and pale grey and She held her tightly, stilling the shaking little addy.

The all right, Jan, durling Don't of course mummy's coming with you."

corry, Edward.

Peter spoke at last. "Will anyone who wants to come with me get into the car and stop weeping." It time we got off if we want some inneh, and I loathe females crying all over Gerald."

all over Gerald."

Sheila was in like a flash, sitting waiting. Bernice stood up and took Janet's hand. Edward shrugged. He controlled his anger admirably, and Eernice knew he had not given up He said briefly: "Til see you to-man at the flat. Bernice. I'm sorry I insisted upon coming. I see now I made a mistake."

He got into his car and drove away. A feeling of intenne relief swept over them all. Peter did not touch her or any anything intimate or reassuring. He just stuck an until pipe into his mouth, climbed hid the driving-seat, and almost immediately Gerald began to emit impressive roars. pressive roars





To Bernice it was like being caught up in a whiriwind after hirding for months in a hothouse. She wished this crazy drive would so on and on and never end. For the first time for months she leit one whole person, not someone torn into pieces by love and ambition, a person wanting to be two things and live two lives.

She thought of her job, the wonderful, interesting, exciting job that paid her so well. She thought of the places am had been to, the people she had met. She thought of the places am had been to, the people she had met. She thought of the flat, the clothes, the moner, and knew that if she gave them the she would regret them bitterly, maybe for years, But nothing in that life had ever made her fed as happy as this.

They drove to a wayside tea-room Peter knew of, where a magnificent lunch was awaiting them. There were four places laid, and the proprietress said to Peter: "Well, Inglad your wife has managed to come at last, Mr. Knight."

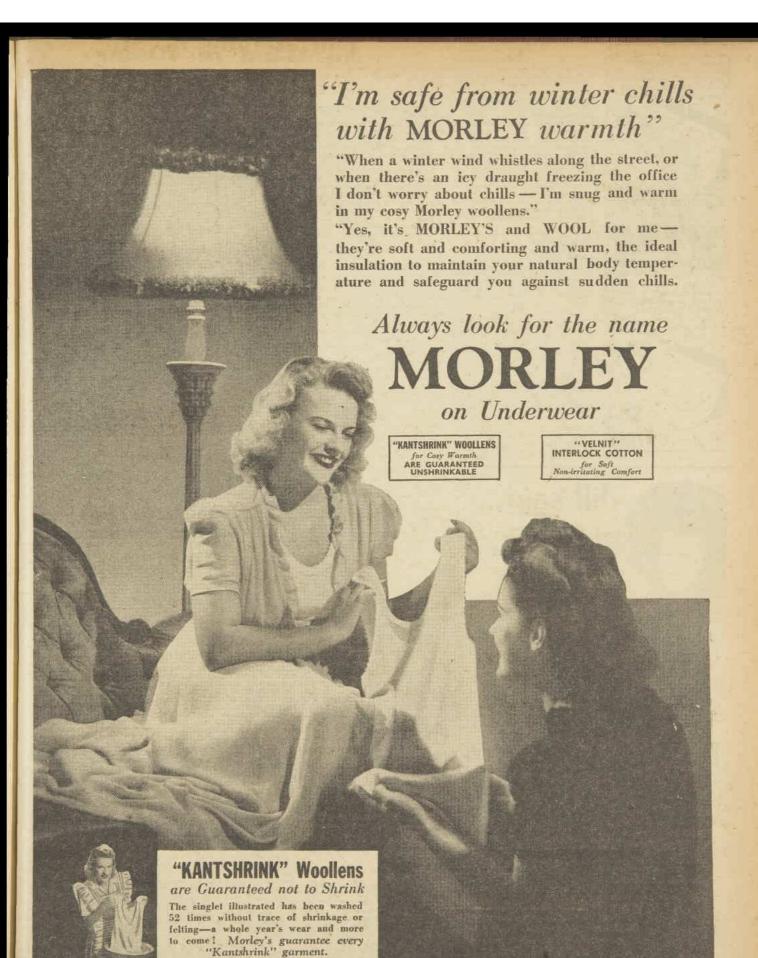
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HE last smate reference, accompanied as it was by a rising note in his wife's voice, quelled Wally He hastily passed his cup to her for more coffee, and greeted, with frank relief, the sudhis stepdaughter

his stepdaughter.
This tianusel came into the room on a wave of dogs. Two cocker spaniels. Ermyntrude's Pekingese, and an oversrown Borzoi cavorted about her "The Sports Girll" remarked Mary, casting an experienced eye over Vicky's costume. This consisted of siacks, shirt, and sandals which displayed two rows of reddened toenails.
"Oh, darling, hot the spaniels' Oh if Prince bash's been in the water again" exclaimed Ermyntrude distressfully.

if Prince hash't been in the water again!" exclaimed Emyntrude distressfully. "Poor sweets!" Vicky crooned ejecting them from the room "Lovely, levely pets, not now! Lie down Roy!

"What's the idea of bringing a pack of dogs in to breakfast?" demanded Wally, repulsing the advances of the Borzo! "Lie down will you? You might as well try to eat in a menagerie!"

Vicky only smiled abstractedly, sild into her place opposite Mary and began to read her lettern, while her nother ast surveying her with fond admiration.

She was a pretry girl, with pale com-colored hair and large blue eyes that gazed innocently forth from between darkened lashes. Even the ruthless plucking of her eyetrows and the pendiling of improbable arches perceptibly bigher than the shadows of the original ones, failed to ruin her beauty.

"I suppose you know about this prince coming to slay?" said Wally in a grumbling tone. "What your mother wants with him I don't know, though I dareasy you're as bed as she is, and think there's something

Wind of Blame

fine about having a prince in the Oh. I think it's lovely!" Vicky

said.
Wally relapsed into disgusted silence.
Ermyntrude had slit open another fetter, and a triumphant amile curied

There's nothing like a prince!" said simply "The Derings have she said simply accepted!"

accepied!"
Even Wally stemed pleased by this announcement, but he said, with a glance as Mary, that he didn't think the prince and anything to do with it. "I wouldn't mind betting young Derings at home," he said.
Mary colored, but replied calmly. "I told you he was, yesterday."
Vicky emerged from the clouds to inquire: "Who is he?"
"He's an old friend of Mary's," said Wally.
"The boy-friend?" asked Vicky.

"The boy-friend?" asked Vicky interested

"No; not the boy-friend," safe Mary. "His people live at the Manor, and I've known him ever since we came to live here. He's, it barrister. You must remember him.

"No; but he sounds frightfully dull," said vicky, "Well, he's, a very nice young fellow," said Wally, "And if he wants to marry Mary I shall make no objection at all, What's more, I shall leave her all my money."

when you get it," said Ermyntrude, with a chuckle. "I'm sure I hope he will ask Mary to marry him, became it would be what I call a good match, and, what's more, the man that gets you, my dear, will be very lucky, what'ver his people say." "Thank you!" said Mary. "But as he hasa't asked me to marry him, I don't think we need worry about what his people would say, Aunt Ermy." Conscious of her heightened color, she made haste to change the

Ermy." Conscious of her heightened color, she made haste to change the subject, looking across the table at Vicky, and saying: "By the way, what got you out of bed so bright and carly this morning? I heard you carolling in the bath at an ungodly hour."

"Oh, I went out to see if I could

Continued from page 9

get a rabbit!"
Mary's lips twitched. "I thought it was a Sports-Girl Day! Don't tell me you weren't wearing sandals and painted toe-nails, because it would spoil the whole picture for me!"
"But I wasi" said Vicky, opening her eyes very wide.
"You must have looked a treat!"
"Yes, I do think I looked rather rice," Vicky agreed wholeheartedly. "Did you shoot anything?"
"Oh yes, very nearig!"
"That's where you take after your

"Did you shoot anything?"
"Oh yee, very nearly!"
"That's where you take after your father, ducky," said Ermyntrude. "I never knew such a mai for sport! Three times he went to Africa, biggame hunting and shooting. That was before he met me, of course."
"Well, if you call missing rabbits was before he met me, of course."
"Well, if you call missing rabbits taking after father, I dont," remarked Wally. "As far as I can make out, her father never missed anything. It's a great pity he didn't, if you ask me, for if he had, perhaps I shouldn't have had to live in a house full of bils of wild animals." He anorted derisively.
"I dare say there are people who like keeping their umbrelias in leephants legs, and having gongs framed in hippo tusks, and leopard skins chucked over their sofas, and heads attack up all round the walls, but I'm not one of them, and I've never pretended to be one."
"And the Bawtrys are coming, too!" said Ermyntrude, who rhad not paid the least attention to this speech. "That'll make us ten, all bild."
"I think Alan would like to come to the narty." murmured Vicky.

toid,"
"I think Alan would like to come
to the party," murmured Vicky.
Ermyatrude pursed her lips.
"Well, he'll have to like," she said.
"I don't mean that I've got anything
against him, nor his sister, either, if
it comes to that, but have Harold
White here with the Derings and the
Bawtrys I won't, and that's flat."
"Oh, I hate Mr. White!" agreed
Vicky.

"Well, ducky, I can't ask Alan and Janet without their father, now, can

Janet without their father, now, can 1? I mean, you know what he is, and this being a dinner party."

"That's right!" said Wally. "Picy on poor old Haroid! I thought it wouldn't be long before you started on him. I'd like to know what harm he's ever done to you."
"I don't like him." said Ermyntrude. "Some people might say be done me plenty harm leading you into ways we won't discuss at the breakfast table, let alone planting himself down in the Dower House. "You nover made any bones about

"You never made any bones about letting it to him, did you?"

"No, I dient, not with you asking me to let him rent the place, she saying he was a relation of your But if I'd known what sort of mile ence he was going to be on you

The Bawtrys are stuffy," said Vicky suddenly

"Well, they are a bit," confessed ber mother. "But it's something to get the best people to come just for a friendly dinner party, and I don't mind telling you, lovey, that they never have before."

"And the Derings are stuffy

"Not Lady Bering: She's a good sort, and always was, and she's le-haved to me more like a lady than a lot of others I could name."

'And Hugh Dering is stuffy, said Vicky obstinately, a foul party."

"Not with the Prince," said Emmi-

trude.

"If anyone wants to know what I think, which I don't suppose the do," interpolated Wally, "this Prince of yours will just about nut the do ishing touch to it. However, it nothing to do with me, and all I say is, don't expect me to entertain him!"

Ermyntrude looked a little per-

turbed.

"But Wally, you'll have to help to entertain him! Now, don't be dreame, there's a dear! You know we arranged it all weeks ago and honestly I know you'll like Alaxis Bealdes, you won't have much to do, except take him out shooting like we said."

Please turn to page 34



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Bernice, and for a second his eyes lit up. But he spoke laconically, "I always ind a place laid for you. I thought one day you might make it." After lunch they went for a long rambling walk; then, as the sun began to dip in the west, they drove the children back to achool. As they got out of the car, Ber-

As they got out of the car, Bernice looked at them ruefully, There was certainly nothing immaculate about them now. Their shoes were thick with mud and their coats bad suffered considerably.

Sheila turned to her mother. There was something on her mind, and Bernice waited, wondering what was

"Mummy, up past Dad's place ere's a pretty decent public

"Well?"

Well, if we went there we could live at home, couldn't we?"

Again that queer constriction of her heart. The feeling that she had cheated them. Those few words spoken so coolly, as though the matter were of no real importance told her so much. Janet wept and stormed and let you know her heart was aching, but Shella was quiet and self-contained, and the hurr went on inside her. Bernice kissed her quickly, feeling the smooth face cold and soft beneath her lips.

imouth face com and her lips.
"I'll see, darling. I'll talk it over with Daddy."
She got into the car, and the two of them stood, waving forfornly until they were out of sight.
Peter did not speak much on the way home. Outside, in the quiet way home. Outside, in the quiet way home. Peter did not speak much on the way home. Outside, in the quiet aquare where she lived, he stopped the car, waiting for her to get out. She said resentfully, "Aren" you going to say anything to me, Peter?" He said quietly, "What is there to say, Bernice? You saw how it was with them."

"But you, Peter, what have you to say?"

"Only that you're free, Bernice, to choose what you want to do, and where you want to go. You know I

Belong You to Me

Continued from page 30

love you, and always have ever since I first met you. I can't offer you lucury, smartness, or excitement. I onn't offer to change myself in any way. I love you and the children, that's all there is to it."

After Gerald had roared away round the square it was suddenly terribly silent and lonely. Thoughts were mixed up in her head, running through it like a disconnected cinematograph. I love you. Where does he get his petrol? . A compact that did not belong to her. A school where we could go . Wind on her face, blowing through her hair . Janet's warm little body tight against her in the car. Then, suddenly, she thought of the fait. The expensive flat in the expensive square where she paid such a surprisingly small rent. She had never questioned that rent. She had always acc pted the fact that Edward could get anything.

She went slowly up the steps into the hall and then instructed friction.

Edward could get anything.

She went slowly up the steps into the hall, and then, instead of going up to her own flat, she went down to the ceretaker's room in the basement. She knocked, and the caretaker's wife, a cheerful, gossipy little woman, came to the door.

"Mrs. Smith—I wonder—I wonder if you could tell me who had the flat before I took it? Please don't try to conceal anything. I want to

try to conceal anything.

sars. Smith went crimson, glanced back into her own rooms as though she would seek advice, looked down again, and said: "Well, Mrs. Knight, I don't quite know."

"Please"

"A Miss Johnson lived there."
The question came, forced from her lips. "Did Miss Johnson pay the

"Oh, no, Mrs. Knight." The woman did not meet her eyes. "Mr. Berk-land has always been the real ten-

ant."
"And still is?" The woman nodded. What is the full rent?

Mrs. Smith told her. Bethanked her and went upstains switched all the lights on, and lo round, with a little shiver, as furniture bought for another wo furniture bought for another wo, a woman who had been turned to make room for her. She had paying less than a quarter of real rent Edward had found flat for her and made all the rangements. He knew the ow well, he said. They were willin meet him in return for some favors.

Bernice went into the bedroom and began to pack furfoutly, locking, addressing her cases. She wromote to Edward, enclosing a che for the whole of her balance at bank, telling him the rest of rent she owed would be sent as a as she could manage it.

as she could manage it.

She took off her diamond ring the other small, expensive presents to had given her, packed them in their cases and left them with the note on the centre of the table.

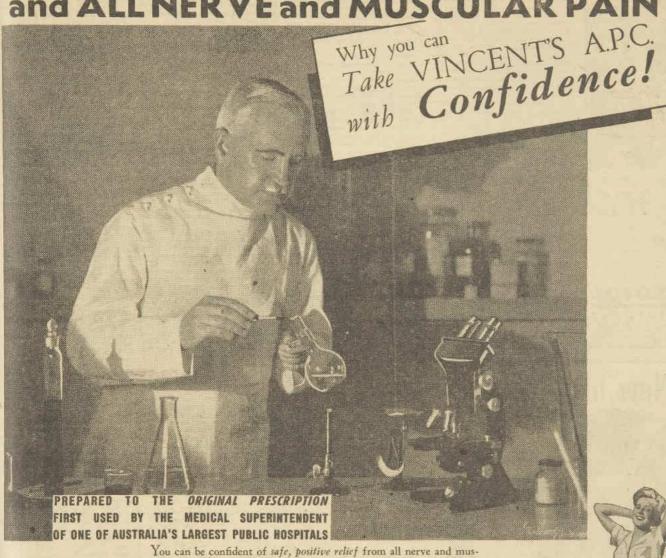
Then she picked up a small case and went downstairs, leaving the key with the caretaker for Mr Berkland when he called. Out in the street, it was getting dark. As one turned the corner of the square, the saw Edward's big car drive up to the door and stop. She began to run.

run.
It was quite a long journey to be garage. When she got there it was closed, but she could see the habis in the flat above. She went round past the petrol pumps to the homedoor at the back, and rang the bell A dog barked, and there were hurried footsteps down the stairs. The Peter opened the door. He slood silhouetted against the lights from within, which atreamed down over her as she stood there.

She said simply: "Peter, I've come.

She said simply: "Peter, I've come home," and he reached out a loof arm and pulled her inside and shut the door,





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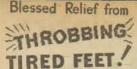
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Genuine VINCENT'S A-P-C POWDERS AND TABLETS

The Australian Women's Weekly - April 19, 1947

Page 33







New life ahead

LOWERING his wife, Wally rose from the table, compilaining bitterly, "If I've told you once, I've told you a dozen times I don't like shooting. And now I come to think of it. I lent my gun to Harold, and he hasn't returned it yet, so I can't shoot even if a wanted to."

This was too much, even for a woman of Ermyotrude's kindly disposition. "Then you'll tell Harold White to return it, Wally," she said hotly, "and if you don't, I will! The idea of lending poor Geoffrey's gun without so much as by your leave!"

I suppose I ought to have sat down with a planchette, or something," and Wally

"How dare you talk like that?"

ining," said Wally
"How dare you talk like that?"
Ermyntrude said tearfully "Sometimes I think you don't care how
much you burt my feelings!"
"Oh, I do think you're quite toa
brutal and awful!" exclaimed Vice,
"All right, all right!" Wally said,
retreating to the door. "There's no
need for you to start! If a man
can't make a perfectly innocent remark without creating a scene—now,
atop it, Ermy! There's nothing for
you to cry about. Anyone would
think Harold was going to hurt
the gun!"

the gun!"
"Do get it back!" said Vicky, "You're

"Do get it back!" said Vicky, "You're upsetting mother simply dreadfully!"
"Oh, all right!" replied Wally goaded. "Anything for a quiet life!"
As soon as he had left the room. Vicky abandoned the protective pose she had assumed, and went on eating her breakfast. Emynthrude glanced apologetically at Mary, and said: "I'm sorry, Mary, but what with that White, and him being so tiresome, and then my poor first husband's gun on top of everything, I just couldn't help bursting out."

"No, he's in one of his annoying moods," agreed Mary. "I shouldn't worry, though. He'll get over it."

when YOU discover.

Windl of Blame

"It's all that Harold White," insisted Ermynfrode. "He's been worst ever since he got under his influ-ence."

oe,"
'I don't think he has, really," said
'I don't think he has, really," said
'I'm

"I don't think he has, ready, said Mary, always fair-minded."I'm afraid it's just natural deterioration." "Well, all I can say is that I wish the Whites would go and live some-where else. They've spoiled the place for me."

"One does seem to feel White's influence," said Vicky, with an ar-

"That one doesn't go with the

vised. "That one doesn't go with the Sports-Girl outht."

"Oh. I'd forgotten I was wearing stacks!" said Vicky, quite unoffended, "I think I'we had enough of the Sports Girl. I'll change."

Many felt disinclined to enter into Vicky's vagaries at such an early hour of the morning, and, when a rather perfunctory smile, she gathered up her letters and left the room.

To was part of her self-imposed duly to interview the very competent cook-housekeeper each morning, but before penetrating beyond the balize door to the servants' quarters, she collected a basicel and some selssors, and went out into the gardens to cut fresh flowers for the house.

It was an extremely fine merning, and although Greystanes, as Ermyntiude had said, was best seen when its rhedodendrous and azaless were

tritle had said, was best acen whim its rhododendrons and sailess were in blocan, neither the sombre foliage of these shrubs, covering the long fall of ground to the stream at its foot nor the glimpse of the Dower flours on the opposite slope spoiled its beauty for Mary as they did for Ermuntrufe.

its beauty for Mary as they did for Ermyntride.

Not that there was anything objectionable about the Dower House, but its temporary innute, Harold White had during the course of two years invested it, in Ermyntrude's eyes, with such disagrecable attributes that she had been known to shudder at the mere sight of its grey roof, visible through the trees Lately, too, she would sometimes tellise even to stroll down the winding path that led through the rhododendron rhelects to the rnatic bridge that crossed the stream at the fool of the garden. It was a charming walk, but it was spoiled for Ermyntrude by the fact that from the little bridge an uninterrupted view of the Dower House, situated half-way up the feether.

House, situated half-way up the farther \$10 pc, smote the eye.

The bridge had been thrown across the stream to provide an easy way of communithe two houses, a

eireums tance however which, convenient it

convenient it might have been to the original owner, filled Ermyntrade with annoyanne. She had more than once contemplated having the bridge removed, and had compromised, a few months previously, by erecting a wicket-gate on the Greystanes side of the stream. But although this might, as she confided to Mary, have seemed pointed enough, it had no apparent effect on Harold White, who conflitted to stroll across the bridge to call on Wally whenever he chose, or had apportunity to do so.

Fortunately, this was not often. Unlike Wally, White was not a gentleman of lesure, but the manager of a small group of collieries in the district. His daughter, Janet, kept house for him; and he had one son, a few years younger than Janet, who lived at home, and was articled to a solicitor in the neighboring town of Fritton.

Before Wally's marriage to the rich Mer Tenthous Wally where

of Fritton.

Before Wally's marriage to the rich Mrs. Fanishawe, White, whose salary never seemed to cover his expenses, had lived rather uncomfortably in a small villa in the town itself; but when Wally came to live at Greyslanes it had not taken Harold White long to discover that he was I motely richted to him.

The rest had been easy, Wally had found a kindred spirit in his

Continued from page 32

connection, and had had very little difficulty in persuading Ermyutruda to lease the Dower House, which happened to be unoccupied, to White,

happened to be unoccupied, to White, at a reduced rental.

From t is time, insisted Ermyntrude, Wally's increasing predilection for strong drink, and his flights into the realms of even less respectable pursuits, might fairly be said to date.

to date.

Mary, who disliked White, still could not agree with Ermyntrude that he was Wally's had angel. Having lived with Wally for many more years than Ermyntrude, she suffered fewer illusious, and had long since realised that his character lacked moral fibre.

moral fibre. She knew, for instance, that the small income, advanced quarterly by her trustees to pay for her upkeep and education, had been extremely useful to Wally, and she often regretted that her father, Wally's uncle, had not chosen to leave her a ward in Chancery rather than the ward of his one surviving relative. This slightly abamefaced thought was in Mary's mind as she carried her hasket of roses into the house. Wally had been a handicap to her during schoolidays; now that she was grown up, and marriageable, he was

during schooldays; now that she was grown up, and marrisgeable, he was proving a still greater handicap. She had denied that any understanding existed between herself and High Dering, but, although this was strictly true, she could not help feeling that High's interest in her aprang from something more than long-stending acquaintance. What his mother thought about his predilection for her society, Mary did not know, but that Sir William Dering regarded Wally Carter with disfavor she was well aware.

Sir William Dering, whom no one had ever called Bill, was quite as astonished as Mary Cliffe when he discovered that he was to dine at Greystanes in the immediate future. He bent a stare upon his wife, and desired to know whether she had taken leave of her senses.

"Not only same, but sober," replied Lady Dering, quite unimpressed by the martial note in Sir William's

always kept them at arm's-length, and now Heaven knows what you've let us in for?"
"An occasional invitation to them

to dine."
"But why?" demanded Sir William. "Don't tell me it's because of a Russian prince! I never heard such nonsense!"
"Dear William, I like you so much when you're stupid! The amazing Ermyntrude is going to build the hospital for us."
"What?"

hospital for us."

"What?"

"Not with her own fair hands dearest. She's going to give us a really hig cheque, though. I don't call a few dinner-parties much of a price to pay."

"I call it disgusting!" said Su William strongly.

"You may call it what you please my dear, but you know as well as I do that that's how these things are done. Ermyntrude's a kind sou, but she's no food, and she has a daughter to launch. I don't mind in the least being useful to her if she'll make our hospital possible."

"Do you mean to tell me you're going to drive some sordid bargan with the woman?"

"Dear me, no! Nothing of the kind. I shall merely tell her low much we all wint her to join the committee, and how we hope she and her husband will be free to dise with us next Liouth. Not a breath of sordidness, I promise you!"

"It makes me sickli' declares Sir

and her husband will be free to dis-with us next houth. Not a breach of sordidness, I promise you!"
"It makes me sick!" declared Sir William. "You had better go a step farther while you are about it, and tell Carter how delighted we should be to welcome his ward into our family."
"That would be aversaive." realist

That would be excessive," replied

"That would be excessive," replied Lady Dering calmly, "Beside, I don't know that I should be altogether delighted."
"You surprise me!" said her lord, with awful sarcaam.

The arrival upon the scope of their son and beir put an end to this particular topic of conversation. Hugh Dering, in grey fanced trousers and an aged tweed coatcame strolling across the lawn towards them.

came strolling across the lawn towards them.

He was a large and aufficiently good-looking young man, not quiethirty years old, and who was ensaged in building up a practice at the Chancery Bar. He ast down beside his mother, and began to fill a pipe, remarking cheerfully: "Well, Ma? Secret conclave?"

"No, not a bit. Your father and I were just discussing to-morrow party."

Hugh grinned appreciatively

party."
Hugh grinned appreciatively
"Ought to be pretty good value I
should think. Were you asked to
shoot as well, sir?"
"No, I was not," replied Sir William. "And if I had been I stoud
have refused!"
"I wasn't nearly so proud," said
Hugh.

"I wasn't nearly so proud, sau Hugh.

"Are you telling me that you're going to shoot there to-morrow?"

"Rather! Why not?"

Sir William snorted.

"The way the Greystanes shoot has been, allowed to deteriorate since Fanshawe's death is a soundal. You'll find the birds completely wild—if you see any birds at all."

"I shan't shoot anything, aoglow," Hugh replied. "I'm not like your crowd, you know, air, with sour loaders and your second guna. I can't cope with it all."

Please turn to page 37

Please turn to page 37



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voice. "I wouldn't miss it for worlds! The amazing Ermyntrude has dug up a Bussian prince!" Sir William gasped. "You're not going to tell me, I trust, that you accepted that invitation for the sake of meeting some weetched foreign prince?"

Has wife considered this, a humorous gleam in her pleasant grey eyes.

"Well, not quite entirely. I mean,
not for the prince alone. But a
flussian prince in that setting! You
couldn't expect me to miss anything as rich as that!"

This response, so far from mollifying Sir William, made him look
even more shocked than before.

"My dear Ruth, aren't you letting your sense of humor carry you
too far? Dush it, you can't accept
people's hospitality just to make
fun of them!"

"Dear old silly!" said Lidy Dering

the of them:
"Dear old shiy!" said Lady Dering sectionately. "I wasn't going to."

affectionately. "I wasn't going to."
"You said.—"
"No, darling, far from it. I never
make fun of anyone except you. I
am just going to be gloriously entertained."
"Well, I don't like it at all. I
haven't anything against Mrs.
Carter, beyond the fact of her being

an extremely common woman, but that fellow Carter I bar. We've



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The Australian Women's Weekly-April 19, 1947

Page 35

Conducted by Margaret Howard for those in need of friendly, experienced advice

Few of us go through life without, at some time or other, being the unwilling possessor of knowledge that we find embarrassing and distasteful.

Our immediate reaction is the desire to pass it on to someone else, clearing our mind of it, transferring the responsibility to the person more directly concerned.

TOLD her only for her own good—I felt it was my duty," is the excuse that comes most readily to mind. Often we delude ourselves into really believing that it IS our duty. when our real duty is actually the more difficult one of keeping the knowledge to ourselves and by so doing sparing an-other person unnecessary

hearthreak and misery.

In answering the letter below, I hope I am being helpful to many people besides the writer.

"I AM a young married woman ataying with triends in an-other suburb. Without any en-couragement from me the husband makes advances to me whenever we are alone. Should I tell his wife, who is a very dear friend of mine, or should I fend him off until the time comes for me to leave?"

What you really have to consider is the effect of this knowledge upon your triend. Could she possible benefit in any way if you told her of her husband's disloyalty? Would e gain any advantage in knowing at he was capable of such dis-norable conduct?

I cannot see that she would. Against this you must weigh the

probable effect of the knowledge on her life and happiness. By telling her, would you be doing anything but making her desperately un-happy, perhaps even ruining her marriage?

It seems to me that as a true friend of the woman concerned, if you really have her good at heart, your duly is to keep this distanteful

knowledge to yourself. She has nothing to gain by being told, but everything to lose.

I think that you should leave as quickly as possible if you can think of an excuse to get away without hurting the wife's feelings.

THE man I married has always held a gradye against my mother, and, to get away from her, he has taken me to live in another State. I love her dearly and miss her terribly. My hushand says my place is with him and the children, and to forget mother. Though a rover, he is a good husband. I don't know whether to follow him in his travels, or to go home."

The fact that he doesn't get on well with your mother is no reason for leaving an otherwise good man. Keep up an affectionate correspondence with your mother, and hope dence with your mother, and hope that with the passing of the years your himband will forget his grudge and make a settled home.

husband go to parties while I look after the children. It is never a success when I go with him. I have always been plain. Should I neglect the children, try to be as gag as my husband and flirt a little, or can I win back his interest at

If you can, you should sometimes go to parties with your husband. Be gay by all means, but don't firt. "Tit for tal" seldom works. It is possible to obtain the services of reputable people to care for the children while you are away. Employment agencies will put you into touch with these "sitters."

Even if you're not pretty you can be well-groomed and smart. By making the best of yourself, and seeing that the children are always nicely dressed and well-mannered you—a home body by instinct—should be able to make your home a sufficiently attractive place to compete with outside interests.

HOW can I make people like and

"How can I make people like and respect me when my parents aren't liked and respected? I know I even look cheap, and hate being the sort of person I am."

No girl HAS to look cheap, because no girl need use too much make-up, do her halr in an out-rageous style, or wear tawdry clothes. If you don't trust your own judgment, be guided by fashion and beauty experts, whose advice comes to you every week in this paper. Keep a check on your speech, appearance, and behaviour, and I think you'll win the battle and be accepted for yourself, irrespective of your ramily's standing.
That is about all the advice I can give you.

give you.

By the way, you don't give me a chie as to why your parents aren't liked and respected.

When writing for advice on your problem . . .

LETTERS to Margaret Howard should bear the signature and address of the sender. All letters will be regarded as strictly confidential, and no names, pen-names, or addresses will be published.

ushed.

Send your problem, addressing your letter to Margaret Howard,
c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4098WW, G.P.O., Sydney,
She will deal with letters only and can give no personal interviews. Do not write on legal or medical questions.

MY husband won't give me money "MY husband won't give me money to get things I need for the house, and my two boys (in their teens) are in raps, although I darn and patch and have never wasled food in my life. Fve done everything possible to help my husband, but he tells me all I think about is spending maney. I have kept all this to myself; even my relations don't know."

don't know."

You have been perfectly splendide in keeping your troubles to yoursell, and I appreciate the strength of character that enabled you to do so, You may not be able to improve matters as far as your husband is concerned; you can only keep on doing your duty as you see it. But I am sure you have the consolation of the love of two growing sons, who, in a few more years, will be in the position to make things easier for you.

"I HAVE been corresponding with "I HAVE been corresponding with a boy I met when he was visiting our town, and going out with a tocal boy who has now gone back to his former grif friend. The boy I cor-respond with will be visiting here again soon. Should I write and tell him I have been going out with someone else?"

I think that would be wise. He would far rather you told him your-self than hear it from someone else. But as you are not engaged he is not in the position to feel that you should go out only with him.

"WE live in a small town where everyone knows everyone else's business. Before we married my husband was engaged to an attractive girl who later jilted him. Now she has come back here to live and is trying to resume triendship with mg husband through triend-ship with me. I haven't drawn his attention to this feminine man-oeuvre, as he dislikes jealouny."

I think you are right. You are in the happy position to appear graciousness itself, while keeping this lady strictly at arm's length. By taking pains to be pleasant to her you are forestalling gosslp. But never allow her to get a foothold in your home.

"MY first cousin and I are very been told that this is wrong. We have also been told that this is wrong. We have also been told that hist cousins may not marry within the Catholic Church."

Afthoung the marriage of fint cousins has been disapproved in the past, modern doctors hold the view that, except in the case of undesirable hereditary tendencies such as certain forms of mental deficiency and physical defects common to both parties, there is no objection.

both parties, there is no operation.

I understand that there are certain difficulties with regard to the marriage of first cousins within the Catholic Church, but that, in certain cases, these may be overcome. I spoke to a priest about it, and his advice is for you to have a talk with your own Parish Priest.



Page 26

ed into alleuce. His wife, inew him to be brooding the changed times that had it impossible for him any to run his own ahoot, and see lo it that his son was not cord by two guns and a loader, ed his attention by asking Hugh had yet met Vicky Fanshawe.

Jinat's a pleasure to come.

that's a pleasure to come, tells me she has to be seen believed,"

son her in Fritton the other said Lady Dering "Very , rather what one imagines other night have been like at ame age. Why did Mary say and to be seen to be believed?" gather she's a turn in herself of histrionic talent."

is looked rather sweet. They ne that all the young men in neighborhood are wild about

ntlemen prefer blondes, in and Hugh, striking a match in Russian prince one of the eligible suitors?"

od gracious, I don't know! an engaging idea, though! We have fun to-morrow!"

William snorted audibly, but on only laughed, and inquired clse was to be of the party.

I don't know the extent party, but the Bawtrys are replied Lady Dering.

ne Hawtrys?" exclaimed Sir am, surprised out of his resolve ke no part in a conversation be distasteful.

Emyntride is getting on, isn't e?" said Hugh. "I thought Con-e Bawry was stoutly Old Guard?" "Bal" said Sir William. "Another the bospital committee! Upon g soul, things have come to a efficiency."

on, is that the racket?" said igh. "I rather wondered." That's my racket," corrected his sheer. "Not Connie Bawtry's, At at, it is really, only she won't

what takes her to Grey-demanded Sir William.

Connie's been changed gone in for another of her angled cults, or something of rt and she's flowing over with our-neighbor ideas."

unfockers!" said Sir William, cit mere than ever that you not been mismided enough to be that woman's invitation!"

cept that woman's invitation!"
On I don't!" said High. "I'm
fiellely out to enloy myself. What
is a dizzy blonde, a Russian prince,
of Connie Bawtry gone all kindly
of furtiving. I foresee a rare evelget any was rather dreading the
getain prince when I saw her, but
to bound to appreciate a farcical
manner. I hope the Prince turns
it to be up to standard. I suppose
Il have arrived by now."

The Prince had indeed arrived, and was at that moment bowing and was at that moment bowing wer his hostess' plump hand. He as very dark, and of uncertain against extremely handsome, blessed with the alimnest of figures, very learning tecth, and the most elegant directs. In fact, when he raised directs in fact, when he raised anyuntrude's hand to his lips, she said not refrain from casting a mumbant glance, first at her historic, then at Mary, who, with lary was standing a little apart oun them.

"Dear lady!" murmured the Prince.
"As radiant as ever! I am enchanted!
And the little Vicky!"

"No, that is my bushand's ward. Miss Cliffe," said Ermyntrude. She hascried to introduce Vicky, addi-lag: "And here is my husband lag: "And here is my husband, wally, this is Prince Varasashvill."

"Delighted!" the Prince said, re-aims Vicky's hands to clasp

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

Wally's, "Of you I have heard so

Wally looked quite alarmed, but before he could demand to know who had been telling tales about him, Ermyntrude intervened with an offer to escort the Prince to his

room.

Though perfectly well-meant, his remark had added considerably to Wally's prejudice against him, and he had no sconer gone away upstairs in Ernyntrude's wake than Wally bean to disparage his manners, his talloring and general appearance.

"A ricontribute what he is he was the search had been been to disparage his manners, his talloring and general appearance."

"A gigolo that's what he is," he told Mary, "Where does he get the money from to go about dressed up to the nines like that? Tell me that."

Mary was quite unable to oblige him, but since she had not discov-ered from Empirtude that the Frince pursued any gainful occu-pation, she could not help feeling that there might be some truth in Wally's guess. She sincerely hoped that his visit was not to be of long duration. Ermyntrude led her guest upstairs to the best spare room and expressed an abxious hope that he would be comfortable there. As the apartment was extremely

comfortable there.
As the apartment was extremely spacious and farmished in the height of luxury, it seemed probable that he would be. But Ermyntrude, with purely British ideas about princes, could never see her Alexis without also perceiving a background of palaces and royal-purple.
She made haste to point out to him that if he wanted anything he had only to touch the bell.

He waved away the unocestion

sine made masse to point out of some made in the masse to point out on the beil.

He waved away the suggestion that he could want anything more than had been provided and once more kissed her hand, saying as he retained it in his clasp. 'Now, at last, I see you in your own setting! You must let me tell you that it is charming. And you! So beautiful! So gracious!"

No one had ever talked to Ermyntrude in this way, not even the late Geoffrey Fanshawe in the first flush of his infatuation for her. She had, in fact, been more used to histen to strictures upon her lack of breeding; and, being a very humble-minded woman, had always accepted her neighbors' obvious valuation of her as the true one.

It was, therefore, delightful to hear herself extolled, and by no less a person than a prince; and she blushed rather prettliy and inquired whether Alexis thought the setting became her.

"You are so many-sided—every-thing becomes you! You would be beautiful in a garret," he replied earnestly, "Yet—I may say it?—always since I have first seen you I have felt that something there is lacking in your life! I think you are not understood. You have never been understood. You have never heen understood." He pressed her hand.

"On the outface you are so gay that everyone says. She has every.

been understood." He pressed her hand.

"On the surface you are so gay that everyone says: 'She has everything to make her happy, the beautiful Mrs. Carter: a husband, a lovely daughter, much money, nuch beauty!" It is perhaps only I who have seen behind the sparkle in those eyes something—how shall I express it?—of loneliness, of a soul that is not sucseed at, even by those who stand nearest to you."

This was most gratifying, for although Ernwintude had not previously suspected that she was misunderstood, she began to realize that If was so, and reflected that one of foreign gentlemen was their subtle perception. She gave a faint sigh, and bestowed upon the Prince a very speaking giance.

"It's frame fant tit" she said. "I

and bestowed upon the Prince a very speaking glance.

"It's funny, isn't it?" she said. "I seemed to know, right at the shart, that you were what I call under-standing."

"There is a bond of sympathy be-tween us," the Prince declared, "You too, are aware of it, for you are not

FOR THE CHILDREN

Continued from page 34

blame

like the rest of your countrywomen. Ermyntrude believed firmly tha Empinitude believed firmly that England was the best country in the world, and the English immeasurably superior to any other race, but she accepted this remark as a compliment, and at once began to enumerate the characteristics that made her different from her compartiots.

These were many and wated and

made her different from her compatriots.

These were many and varied, and Ermyntrude would have been perfectly happy to have continued this conversation indefinitely, but at that moment the Prinne's aultcases were borne into the room, so she rather regretfully withdrew.

She rejoined Wally and Mary in a somewhat exailed mood. Her gait was queenly enough to attract Wally's attention, and he immediately demanded to be told why she was sailing about like a dying swan. Ermyntrude relaxed sufficiently to inform him pithily that if he wanted to be vulgar he could take his vulgarity to those that liked it.

But this was only a temporary emergence from the cloud of abstraction in which she had wrapped herself, and she aank into an armchair, with really very creditable grace for a woman of her size, and became so aloof from her surroundings that she failed to notice that the dog, Prince, was lying curied up under her huxband's chair.

Her discovery of his unwanted presence coincided rather unfor-

band's chair.

Her discovery of his unwanted presence coincided rather unfortunately with the human Prince's entry into the room, when the spanicl, who was of a friendly disposition, at once rusked forward to accord the stranger an effusive welcome.

come.

Etnymtrude's air of pensiveness fell from her as soon as she saw the spaniel jumping up at her guest, and she exclaimed with strong indignation: "If you haven't let that Prince come into the house, Wally! I told you the stable was the place for him!"

you the stable was the place for him!"

"There, I knew what it would be!" said Wally, not without satisfaction. He observed a slightly startled look upon the other Prince's face, and added: "It's all right, she doesn't mean you. Down, Prince, Good old dog, ile down then!"

"Ah!" the Prince said, showing his gleaming teeth in a smile of perfect comprehension. "There are two of us then, and this fine fellow is a prince aise! It is very amusing! But you will not banish him on my account, I beg! I am very fond of dogs, I assure you."

"The oughtn't to be in the drawing-room at all," said Ermyntrode. "He smells."

"Ah, poor fellow!" said the Prince, sitting down, and stroking the spaniel. "Look, Trudinka, what sad eyes he makes at you! But you are a lucky prince, and I shall not pity you, for you are more lucky than I am, do you see, with a fine home of your own which no one will burn to use?" asked Ermyntrude, shocked He made a gesture with his hands. "Fortune of war, Trudinka, I am lucky that I have not also lost my life."

"Did you lose everything?" said

life."

"Did you lose everything?" said Ermyntrude.

"Everything!" repided the Prince. So comprehensive a statement with the picture it conjured up of unspeakable privation, smote his addience into silence. Many felt it was procate to reflect that the Prince had exempted, in the largeness of his mind, his signet ring and his gold cognetic-case, and perhaps some other similar trifles.

More than ever, she wished he had not come, and found herself, rather unaccountably, filled with a gudden strange foroboding over the entire party.



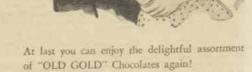
FASHION FROCK SERVICE



Your old favourite "Old Gold"

CHOCOLATES

again available in $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. boxes



Every & lb. box brings you an assortment of 12 delectable centres lavishly coated with "OLD GOLD" Chocolate . . . the smoothest, richesttasting chocolate of them all.

So get ready for a taste thrill! Just ask your confectioner for "OLD GOLD" Chocolates in the 1 lb. box.

Butter Crunch

The delicious cellular toffee filling in this chocolate contains lots of butter and sugar and is "high-boiled" to give it that intriguing lightness and

Four more favourites ...



Milk, Fruit and Nuts



Cream



Snack



"Old Gold" Block

Bicher, smoother chocolate, because it is so carefully refined and matured. Highly sustaining too—coergy svailable from each 1 lb. block is 589 calories.



A GREAT ASSORTMENT

OF CENTRES

All made by

The Great Name in Confectionery

Is My Dial Red!

By MARIAN MILLER

OSSESSING that fatal combination -a telephone and very common name-life is never dull or us Millers.

Nary a day passes but we ount on at least a dozen inming calls finally fizzling out nto "Oh, dear, I'm so sorry, must have the wrong Miller."

comic strip conversational leading up to the establish-of this fact quite frequently my husband and me to gib-

e are in the mood, however, little mild telephonic diver-s find it all extremely fascin-and it closs help to keep us hingly abreast of the doings willers in the phone book

British Navy gave me no rest

They were forever ringing me and smins to hire my large launch, hey were so charming about it, to all of them with voices like agrence Olivier or James Mason.

hated telling them I hadn't a not, and had to resist very firmly impulse to say: "Boys, you know a could have it, if I had!"

After a few minutes light chat and have you noticed how imper-ualls yet captivatinely, the Eng-thman can make light chaft, the lighter were sorry to have bothered

assured them, with complete

I am confident a lot of the Millers enermous mansions, with of commiss and nephews living turrets or in the little room a stables, because so many of diers seem to doubt that I quite who does reside under

Susu

Caller: "Can I speak to Herbert

lease?" Me: "I think you have the wrong

Caller, "That is Mrs. Miller, isn't

Me: "This is Mrs. Marian Miller's esidence." (I have to keep up some

Caller: "Well, isn't Herbert there?"
Then we start it again—the matey
spelling of my husband's christian

name.

Me. "No—A for apple. J for Jack—
no. his name's not Jack. I'm just spelling it for you...

He's quite pleasant about it, but, evidently under the impression that this is just MY pet name for Herbert, still persists.

"But when are you expecting Herbert in?"

If all this jabber takes place when I have a white sauce burning. I'm inclined to mutter something sour about people checking numbers more carefully before dialling.

If it happens in the evening when I'm telling myself! I simply must start darning socks this very minute the call is a heaven-sent reprieve. I'm willing to discuss the whereabouts of Herbert indefinitely.

A woman got me out of hed at 1 o'clock the other morning to tell me it was time her daughter came home. I completely agreed with her—I have daughters of my own.

If it relieved the poor soul's worry to discuss the matter with me, then that was O.K. but things get tough when she insisted I get a taxi (at I a.m., mind you) and send that daughter home!

Quite often I pick up the receiver to be greeted by a vivacious, "Hello, Mrs. Miller, this is Mrs. Brown from Dubbo," or "Hello, dear, I'm down from Wagza AFTER ALL."

I'm on the verse of saying, "Oh, how lovely and how's Dubbo?" while I picture a fascinating five min-utes chit-chiat opening up in which I might even get an invitation to Dubbo Horse Show or the Wagga

won't



Races. Regretfully I admit that I don't know anyone in either Dubbo or Wagas.

I do feel a deep fruktration over the exciting women friends the other Miller women friends the other Miller women have.

I've discovered, too, that many of these Millers and I have acquaintances in common. The freakish situations which arise when I'm caught up in a party invitation meant for one of them is worth recording. cording. The other day, to my amazement

snarl

Lady with when my hus-band and I are on slight nodding-at-social-function terms rang me in say how she'd been meaning to ring me for ages and how simply devastated she would be if I de-clined her invitation to a bridge party at the Royal So-and-So Club next Wednesday.

Flattered at my sudden social access but foutling bridge parties, stalled for time.

Well it is terribly sweet of you, Lady ______, but I don't really see how I can manage "My dear, I simply won't take No for an answer. You must_____."

"But but I'm going to be terribly

"Nonsense, my dear. We shall expect you at 2-

became desperate

"No-I mean, but I don't play There was slience at the other

"But that is Mrs. Frederick Miller, isn't 11?"

"No." I responded dully, "It's Mrs.— Miller."

Miller" said, "Oh," and
"What a merry mix-up!" then
she adden brightly: "Well, then, my
dear, perhaps YOU'D like to pop
along, anyway."
Dear Lady !

Pinally, this is the sort of thing that happens to me at 12 noon. Saturday, a pretty heetic moment in the life of every housewife.

As the telephone rings I notice that the rest of the family have

. mutter something sour about people checking num-bers more carefully . . ."

completely vanished, and I might be on a desert bland.

I glance worriedly at the meat.
I'm hastly chopping up. I pick the
eat up and plonk it outside the back
door, throw-a cloth over the meat,
and go to the phone.
"Mrs. Miller?"

"The time Catherine was home."
"She is home, she's just come in,"
say, a bit pussled.

I say, a bit puzzled.

"No, she's not home," she says.
"Yes she 18," I reply, thinking
maybe I'm having hallucinations—
that it wasn't my two kids. I saw in
the back garden five minutes ago.
Then I have ose of those flashes of
intuition or whatever you call it.

"Who's that?" I ask.
"Her mother," she says.
"But I'm her mother," I answer

"But I'm her mother," I answer firmly, grimly remembering that awful case of muddled bables I read about somewhere.

about somewhere.

Then, of course, while the fat gets cold, a blowfly drones round the cloth over the meat, and the cat kicks up merry hell at the back door, we get it all straight.

Quite right, she has a Catherine too, and she's out playing with another Mrs. Miller's little girl.

We say what a coincidence and part dear friends,

I want friends to note I'll be in the new book as Mrs. Zmiller,

CHARMS of British star Roger Livesey, who appeared in "I Know Where I'm Going," are causing a lot of headaches for director Peter Ustinov, now working on a Victorian screen comedy, "Vice Versa." Script calls for a talented lady things which is required to take viciont dialike to star Roger in BRITAIN'S toughest screen thug

By cable from BILL STRUTTON of our London office

the Peke

in much trouble Ustinov up Susu, a fluffy black-and-Chinese aristocrat renowned or flashing black eyes.

or her flashing black eyes.
But shortly after work on the film
ega. Suan aucrumbed to her
metic man's charms, and, instead
i acting like an angry, simplefous
te, last rolled her black eyes
beepishly in the direction of the
far, and refused to emit one mark.

* * VEWLYWEDS WILYWEDS Kieron Moore, bandsome, heavily built Irish-and Barbara White are playing and and wife for the first time "Mine Own Executioner." In the life they are deliriously by but in the film Kleron turns hasty and attempts unsuccessfully to strangle Barbara, but shoots her with more success, which he cele-trates by committing suicide.

Patts may perhaps now realise how necessary it is to keep home life spart from film doings.

THERE is talk that Noel Coward. may have a hif follow-up to his to a hif follow-up to his home. Brief Encounter," which i everal awards both for the sand star Cein Johnson. Noel eportad to be writing a securel to showing what happened to the thing man when he left for Africa. William Hartnell didn't look so tough between scenes of Brighton Rock." He aat back mournfully in his folding chair, worrying incessantly about his bungalow home on Ditton Island, in the middle of the Thames, when the floods were rising

Although he managed to rescue most of his valued collection of criminology handbooks which he studies for film realism and his wife and daughter were evacuated together with their collection of wonderful frocks (William is the cousin of famous Norman Hartnell), his fine period furniture and collection of paintings had to be left behind.

FLOOD waters threatened Britain's Pinewood Studios, and studio workers now making "Blanche Fury" have had to wate through the last few miles to the gates or take row-boats.

Sur Valerie Hobson braved the two feet of water each norming in her limousine, but her co-atar, Stewart Granger, didn't have to worry.

He was at home in bed suf-fering from a bad attack of

RICHARD ATTENBOROUGH has

been put on a diet for his role of taxt-driver in his newest film. He has already lost a stone, but his main complaint is that he has to sit by and watch wife Shiela Sim, who is acting in the same picture consume his entire sweets ration.

DAUGHTER'S BOY FELLIND







IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By Wep

makes children's Australian Children's Cinema Clubs are greatly re-

Former schoolteacher

sponsible, possibly without knowing it, for one of the finest and most sincere aspects of British films.

It is the department, headed by a child-loving spinster called Mary Field, which makes healthy, entertaining movies solely for children all over the world. And its only profit is the pleasure of delighting children with the sort of movies they understand and enjoy.

FINE way it happened was, in the manner of many good things, an accident. A Gaumont-British executive named Victor Powell picked up an Australian newspaper clipping lying on the desk of his Liverpool office, and got from it the idea of Saturday morning cinema clubs for children throughout

morning cinema clubs for children throughout his company's powerful cinema circuit.

This was in the early 'thirties. Clubs throughout the country have since grown and prospered till nearly a million children come to the weekly 'oranne peel mathress' leaving mother with the comfortable assurance that he little dears would not be setting into mischlef, at least not on Saturday morning. Almost at the same time Britain's other big cinema chain, the great Odeon circuit, started to form its Mickey Mouse Cinema Clubs for children.

And with these chema clubs.

Meley Mouse Cinema Clubs for children.

And with these chema clubs, copied by about 500 small independent theatres, where suitable movie fare is offered to kiddies for a weekly membership fee of id—even less in the poorer districts—an important but natural question was raised: Why not have movies specially made for these children?

Why not indued? There were still many not-quite-suitable adult pictures included to fill out the Saturday morning programmes and give the children their money's worth. A new film magnate, J. Arthur-Rank, who appeared just before the was and took over three-quarters of Britain's film industry, came to these children as a benign, monatached angel. Rank loves and understands children.

In 1944 he put Mary Field, who had

derstands children.

In 1844 he put Mary Field, who had behind her twenty years experience of making child-instructional films, at the head of a Children's Film Department. Mary was briefed to make "good healthy feature films, serials and shorts, about children and for children filmed in Great Britain, in the Empire, and foreign countries." In the first year it made 18 films of varying length; last year, 45, this year 34 are planned.

Tail, brisk, and humorous, Mary Field gestures expressively when in conversation and has a whimsical twinkle in her eye that wins the confidence of children and adults allike.

Right now she has "on the stocks" six travel films, six

Right now she has "on the stocks" six travel films, six community singing films, three general interest films, we complete stories, and one five-episode serial.

Although she was once a schoolteacher, there is nothing reminiscent of the schoolroom in Mary's pictures. Every now and then people tell her how beneficial it would be to include out-and-out instructional films in the Saturday morning programme.

Her retort is quick: "Do you go to the cinema to be instructed—or to be entertained?
"Naturally, all our pictures have an underlying theme of courtesy and chizonship, but children are human, too. They should not be robbed of their money's worth, and they like to get away from class just as adults like to get away from class just as adults like to get away from the office."

By cable from BILL STRUTTON in London



KINDLY, sympathetic Mary Field, who has multihed over from school-

POPULAR with British child audiences is the film serial, "The Voyage of Peter Joe." Fat boy Graham Moffat (left) is great javorite, so are its other stars, Mark Daly (rear left) and title-role player Brian Peck (with plaster on face).

The job of shooting these varied films cannot be handled by the Hank organisation alone, so Mary Field farms out the work to fourteen different film companies who have preduction units not only in Britain but also in Australia, Canada, South Africa, France, Czechoslovakia, Poland, and Lapland.

Poland, and Lapland.

Of these, Australia's own production, "Bush Christmax," made under the Bank charter, promises to be adolescent England's major attraction for 1947.

Typical of the way in which we have combined entertainment with guiding children to ace the good things of life in our latest full-feature film for children which is due for release to the cinema clubs this month," said Miss Field.

'It is a simple take of a young girl's struggle to pay for her tuition as a ballet dancer, but it is acked aguinst the background of the arduous training a would-be ballerina has to undergo. Children set an early perspective by seeing what happens backstage and learning that theatre life is not all glamor and high-paid contracts.

"Pay for child film players is good, rapeing."

that theatre life is not all glamor and high-paid contracts.

"Pay for child film players is good, ranging from £10 to £20 a day for the stars, according to their importance in the cast. Some are chosen from pupils of well-known children's academies, like Italia Conti's School, but others come straight before the camera with no previous experience.

"Our account department reads a colossal number of children's books in hopes of finding a good film story, which is a rare thing. Too much of this cops-and-robbers, you know.

"Child reaction is interesting. Their verdict on a film is highly accentuated, and you can gauge what points hold their attention merely by listening. When the action holds them you can hear a pin drop. But sometimes a vast hubbub of talk and shuffling condemns a film as not at all their cup of tea. Learning from this acute reaction is the principle that guides the films we make for them."

As for the children's Saturday morning clubs, whose popularity demanded that films he made appealably for them, their activities are not confined to the film shows. Com-

manged that hims be made spec for them, their activities are confined to the film shows. C munity singing—very lustry, gel luster by habit and the help of w and action flashed on-screen—si-them off.

them off.

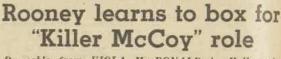
Then an informal talk on affairs
of local, ranging to international,
interest by an expert who must be
able also to "hold" his young audi-ence; then, lastly, the film shows.

Thanks to the subsidies Arthur
Rauk poured into the making of
childism's films there is sometimes a
small profit which goes into evening

get-togethers.
So for six pennies there is not only
a Saturday morning of cinema but
sometimes several evenings of fort-ball cricket and the chance for club children to learn about art.

chub children to learn about audrama, and music.

And the growth of this sturdy
British industry of making films for
children, an idea which so far hascounterparts only in two other countries. Societ Russia and Czechoslovakia, springs directly and originally
from the carlier children's cinema
clubs of Australia. And for these
Australian children's clubs it will
now cater, by way of a reward.



By cable from VIOLA MacDONALD in Hollywood

MICKEY ROONEY'S friends relate that he is really practising hard for his prizefighter role in the MGM film "Killer McCoy."

Rooney hangs round the fighters' symmasium in New York watching the puglists working out, and then has a training session himself. Trainer says Rooney's dexterity is appraish.

MGM have definitely decided to



GENE KELLY and his new leading lady, Marie McDonald, in MGM's "Lile's For the Loving," a musical comedy.

drop the "Andy Hardy" series They feel Rooney is getting too mature to be typed for the part.

PALM SPRINGS looks like a mini-PALM SPRINGS looks like a mini-ature Hollywood these days as stars sim themselves in the deer resort. The tourist trade is rapidly increasing as wide-eyed fars parade the main street to watch celebriliss such as Jean Crawford, Rin Hay-worth, Danny Kaye, Ken Murray, and the William Powells lunching at open-air cafes,

RECENTLY met Australian Kity
Bluett, who is finding her bearings in Hollywood. She is enjoying
the stops and new foods and is
valiantly determined to find her as
around the strange town by herself,
though she frequently ends up on
the wrong bus or train.

RED SKELTON is toying with the idea of producing his next film based on his life with his first wife Edna. His present wife appears to offer no objections.

MAN FROM OKLAHOMA

MAN FROM OKLAHOMA
THOSE who like westerns will
enjoy this Republic film which
has Roy Rogers, George "Gabby"
Hayes, and the usual team of cowhoy supporters, not to mention the
horse. Trigger. There is plenty of
fancy riding and open waggons with
Rogers saving the girl, decorative
Dale Evans, and going on to the
make is good, but does not receive
enough prominence among all that
fending and hard riding of early
Oklahoma.—Capitol.

* RETURN OF MONTE CRISTO

REMINISCENT of some third-rate Pimpernel, middle-aged Louis Hayward gallops his way through intrigue, counter-intrigue, single-handed combats, and other swambuckling adventures in Columbia saga based on Dinnas' Monte Cristo legend. REMINISCENT of some third-rate

Adventures are packed so tightly together you don't have time to wonder how Hayward stands the structure of all that struggling for the Monte Cristo fortune. His reward is the winning of Angele (Barbard Britton) when retribution has been exacted on the villains—Lyceum.

ARRIVED Swedish star Viveca Lindfors er new American leading man, Ronald , pictured no location for the current Warner Bron, picture, "Night Unto Night." The Australian Women's Weekly-April 19, 1847



CHARMING Esther Williams, who stars in MGAt's technicolor musical, "This Time For Keeps," is seen with two members of the cast, Dick Simmonds (left) and Laurite Melchior, relaxing during shooting of the film

Page 40



As baby grows older

PRODUCTS

The Australian Women's Weekly-April 19, 1947

For the young baby

NESTLE'S



Barry's Tri-coph-erous helps prevent premature greyness, falling or brittle hair, and itching scalp.

BARRYS i-coph-erous

Sold by all Chemists & Stores

Sores caused by chafing napkins are soon healed by Cuticura Continent. Stops itching and irritation and assures undisturbed sleep. Antiseptic Cuticura cannot harm baby's tender skin. One of the famous trio—Cuticura Ointment, Soap and Talcum Powder.

RID KIDNEYS OF POISONS AND ACIDS





ADVENTURE starts for simple 2 PENNILESS through cost of repairs, Katie takes job country girl Katie (Loretta as maid in home of Congressman Glenn (Joseph Young) when she gets a lift with Cotten) and mother (Ethel Barrymore). Glenn is im-Adolph (Rhys Williams). Car crashes pressed with Katie's charm, but she arouses jealousy and they have to put up for night. of Glenn's columnist girl-friend, Virginia (R. Hobart.).

The Farmer's Daughter

PRAGILE Loretta Young appears for the first time as a platinum blonde in this diverting story by RKO, which deals with the entry of a young Swedish farm girl into the involved field of politics.

As Katrin (Katie) Habor, who trikes complications as soon as

As Katrin (Katie) Habor, who strikes complications as soon as she leaves her parents' Middle-Western farm for the big city, she gives one of the best performances of her career, admirably supported by Joseph Cotten, Ethel Barrymere, and imperturbable butler Clancy (Charles Richford). Bickford).

After the completion of this film Miss Young was advised by her doctor to take a two months' vacation, as her health has been affected since the loss of her baby last year.



UNSCRUPULOUS



candi- 4 REALISING he is in love date Oleson stands for with Katie, Glenn is horri-Congress, to Katie's disgust, fied when sign-painter Adolph She denounces him at rally, reappears, and is paid by and is persuaded to stand. Oleson to smear Katie's name.



I always get a good report for health anyway, because what health requires

A GIRL CANNOT HOPE TO BE ALL EMBRACING WITHOUT

Kirby

Beard

Specialities



morning

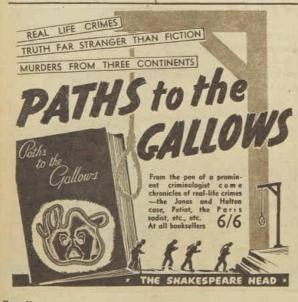
"FRUIT SALT"



QUICK WORK by Glenn and faithful butler Clancy (Charles Bickford) results in Adolph being found and forced to deny statements about Katie over a National broadcast. Katie's three brothers also take hand in the confession.



POLITICAL future assured, Katle is reunited with Glenn, through Virginia, who arranges meeting in radio booth. Gienn finds he no longer minds the idea of a Congresswoman being his wife













Extra minerals in BIDOMAK build new, rich, red blood cells—new vigour, active nerve force and buoyant health, Prove it through this 14 days, no-risk test.

It's not his fault—when your husband is irritable, single at you, moons around the place with no seet, no energy, himself, but the place with no seet, no energy, himself, he will be the place of the large of the theory of the theory in the place of the theory is not the place of the place o

chrough BIDOMAE, to be about through BIDOMAE, to be about STARWED FOR MINERALS. Buth disarders are often caused by the impoveriable blood stream starved for minerals. Your blood stream, as you know is due of your most important origans. It brings nourishment and directiving oxygen to the lisated, consider the control of the control of

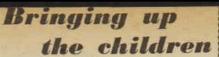
NATURAL WAY TO HEALTH.

OR NERVES, BRAIN, AND THAT "DEPRESSED" FEELING

Stocks still very limited.

VANTONA TOWELS * VANTONA BEDCOVERS
AND COUNTERPANES * VANTONA SHEETS
VANTONA DOWN QUILTS

VANTONA TEXTILES LIMITED . MANCHESTER . ENGLAND



By Sister MARY IACOB, Our Mathercraft Nurse

ODERN theories that complete freedom is necessary for the child's development have become a subject of much discussion among groups parents

Psychiatrists claim that cases of twisted personalities and of abnormal behaviour problems in adults are traceable to stern

repression of childish impulses.

Surveys on the causes of delinquency often prove that over-severe discipline can later produce delinquent

There often seems confusion in the minds of some parents over the new educational methods of approach to discipline.

The awing from severity to extreme laxity is some-times the result of a little knowledge of child psy-

times the result of a little knowledge of class per-chology.

However, the unruly and uncontrolled child, as well as being an annoyance to other people, is not a happy child, and may also swell the ranks of delinquents.

If a child is left to the mercy of his immature impulses and has no kindly control or direction from his parents, he acquires the same sense of insecurity as the child who feels cut off from his parents' affec-



TWO sturdy youngsters who enjoy facing up to the camera. They are the bonny soms of Mr. and Mrs. J. McKeough, Postal Residence, Cleve, Eyre's Peninsula, S.A. Peter is three; David is fourteen months

tion by the sense of fear and guilt engendered by harsh condemnation and over-severity. Discipline should, therefore, be neither too severe and repressive or too kay, and the wise parent is the one who knows when to yield and when to forbid, but definitely every child is happier and more secure when there is wise and understanding parental control. A leaflet giving hints on the control of the "difficult" child can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, 5th Floor, Scottlah House, 19 Bridge Street, Swiney. Send a stamped.

House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney. Send a stamped, addressed envelope for a copy.



THESE PICTURES show some of the ex quisite china and glass used by the Royal Family on their South African tour

Above are shown representative pieces of the Minton dinner, coffee, and breakfast ware that graced the tables on the white train and in aeroplanes which conveyed the King and Queen, the Princesses, and their immediate personal staff from one place to another.

The design—in gold on white china throughout—consists of a half-inch encrusted border of foliage, built on a continuous rhythmic "wave" line which harmonises with the Grecian-like simplicity of the form. Each piece carries the coat-ofarms of the Union of South Africa

YOUR GARDEN

By Our Home Gardener

No delphinium can be any better than its breeding, which is just a way of saying

that if you want the best you must star with a top-notch strain of seeds or plants. And now that the autumn is here, you can set out well-advanced plants or old crows, or even now a few seeds, with a view to a glorious display of blues pen spring and summer.

Delphiniums are a varied family, varying from dwarf blue butterfly types to sky-scraping Pacific Glants and lofty spires of the Black and Langdon breed.

lotty spires of the Black and Langdon breed.

And buying what you want in delphiniums is quite an adventure to-day, for all sorts of rubbish crept in during the war years, and one has almost to see then in flower to get the varieties required.

Then again, there are short, medium, and tall delphiniums, some of which should be treated as biennials and other as short-lived preputals. For each other sees therefore the properties of the contraction of the contract of the contra

and others as short-lived percentials. Few of them last more than three to four years at most. But as the plant is most generous with its seed, one always has some on hand for the production of new seedings, and in good ground an autumn or mid-whiter sown crop will usually flower before Christmas.

And the delphinium, being a sort of half-hillilly, can be grown from Brisbane to Hobart, and from the coast to Kosciusko. Things the whole family demand

coast to Kosciusko. Things the whole family demands are full sunlight, good quality deep soil, and adequate drainage—and some lime in its ration.

When arranging the garden plan and the color scheme, bear in mind that some delphiniums grow too tall and will not fit well into the border design. After the first flush of bloom is over, such plants leave gape that cannot be remedied. It is true that a accord crop follows, but the spikes are usually shorter.



MOTHER CRAFT

A TOPIC THAT

Mothercraft is a never-ending vigil. Just as necessary through school years as in babyhood. And now—when every child must be on tip-toe with alertness—mother needs to realise how essential it is to keep the system functioning regularly with the gentlest and best children's aperient—Steedman's Powders.

For Steedman's which are in-

man's Powders.

For Steedman's, which are invaluable through teething time and babyhood, are just as beneficial during school years. They ensure that gentle regularity and purity of blood stream which maintain health and give zest to tackle the problem of growing up in a difficult world.

So give Steedman's Powders from teething to teens. Look for the double EE on every wrapper to ensure that they are genuine. Made only by John Steedman & Co., Walworth Road, London, S.E.17.

Certain-to-sell

A Vic. Weekly paid £7/18/. For my story. Numerous other students have also obtained good prices. Note:

Nocturns: in "Smith's recently brought me between £3 and £6".

"Three serials returned me £168.

"For my last story. The Durling of Robart Town, I received £6/18.

"In othe week I had printed metics only two papers (*Smith's and The holls, I blick and the serials returned metics of the first two papers. Smith's had The "The holds. I blick a serial serials accepted by HLO and broadcast by the *ABC."

"The what three artificies accepted by HLO and broadcast by the *ABC."

"The built had the serial of the "ABC."

"The built had been a string accepted by HLO and broadcast by the *ABC."

"The pullet he haddlined my start. Justice. I received £4/18/2 for it."

"I have Just received £4/18/2 for it."

"I received £5 for my first story. Story. Old George."

"I received £5 for my first story. Twin Ships. and for "Thuy Pulle Through, £8/8/..."

Stott's Correspondence C

100 Russell Street, Melbourne, 140 Castleraseh Street, Sydney, 200 Adrialis Street, Brisbane: 50 Cernfell Street Adelaide; 154 Murray Street, Furth You, too, can win success as a writer by taking STOTTS Postal Centre.
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To Stott's: Please send me Li Prospectus Pree, and without oblis

Page 44



MORNING and afternoon tea were served the Royal Family during the South Afrian lour in Paragon china like that shown The design consists of a stippled geen rim-width band on which are supersposed three gold lines. Underneath the and is a print in brown. In the centre of such piece is Union coat-of-arms printed in gold. Handles are in half solid gold.



PIECES of sparkling Stuart glass, hand-made by English craftsmen, used on the Royal tour, bearing the S.A. Union coat-ofarms, are shown above and below.



How to treat a GRAZED KNEE

- 1. Cleame the area thoroughly and
- 2. Select a large Elastoplast dressing and remove the protective muslin.
- 3. Without touching the antiseptic pad, place it over wound, slightly stretching dressing along the knee.
- 4. Finally, firmly press down adhe-sive edges.

The wound is now comfortably and securely protected whilst the dressing, being elastic, allows the knee complete freedom of movement. Elustoplast is first-class first-aid-you need no bandages or other antiseptic. Never neglect an injury, however slight-if in doubt see your doctor.

FIRST AID DRESSINGS in RED TIMS, 10d & 1'8, from Chemists

T. J. Smith & Nephew Ltd., Hull.

llow to grow delphiniums, big strawberries

Again, many delphiniums tend to be leggy, showing to much foliage and too little flowering spike. Your unseryman, if he knows the family well enough, will able to help you make your choice.

Bur good seed to start with, sow it in fairly deep all in order to encourage sound, many-armed roots, and don't add either lime or artificial fertilliser to the eed hed. You can lime the ground for the well-dwanced plants—but seedlings just hate the stuff.

Dur't sow the seed too thickly, or the seedlings will all spindly, and much too succulent to transplant uccessfully. Shift the seedlings on to much better oil when hig enough to handle, and lime your beds one months before sowing the seed or apply it about its weeks to two months after the seedlings have been at out into permanent beds.

Check mildew by regular dustings of sulphur, and ake and the up all plants from the first sign of the ower spike developing. Light bamboo or very light ardwood stakes are the best to use,

Give the seedlings about 18in, of space, and old fowns, which are usually available in winter, about 2ft.

CTRAWBERRIES should be planted out immediately. April is often regarded as the best month for lift-rooted runners or taking up and transplanting last is old strawberry plants. Older plants should not

The beds should be marked out in the open, where ill sunlight is afforded most of the day. Soil con-derations depend upon what-have-you to what-can-orgive-them. But a well-drained soil of light to addim quality is desirable.

Heavy soil that holds the moisture a long time must made friable and well drained before it will suit to rather fastidious strawberry.

The ground should be dug over well, and trenched if possible, and ample organic matter added and culti-vated in to a depth of Sin. to 10in.

Roots should be apresd out famwise when planting, and the crown of each plant must be left above the surface—not buried deeply, or the plant may die.

Press the soil in firmly round the roots with the fingers, and water well afterwards and for several days until good rain falls and puts the soil right.

For single rows plants should be set out roughly 15in. apart. In double rows the plants should be set out 15in. apart and 30in. between the rows.

Mulching material depends upon whatever obtain locally, from straw, chopped hay, peat moss, or dead leaves.

It probably sounds ally to say that the hotter and drier the weather the more do the inmates of a straw-berry bed appreciate having a mulch tucked in round their shoulders.

Actually it is good horse-sense, because strawberry plants are thirsty things as well as very shallow rooters, and the right kind of mulch helps them to conserve soil moisture and modify the underground temperature in the warm, sun-soaked situations they like best

Furthermore, mulching helps to keep down weeds, ssens the tendency of the surface soil to crust over s it dries after rain, and thereby cuts down the job i cultivating.

There's a widespread belief that mulching with straw gave the fruit its name, and that its chief purpose is to keep the fruit clean. But that is only part of the

Actually the word "straw" is a mutilation of the word "stray," given to the plant because its runners stray all over the place.



Here's What

STOMACH UPSETS

De Witt's Antacid Powder is so quick acting that one dose is usually enough to relieve an upset stomach. In fact, quick relief from the pain and discomfort of digestive troubles is always at hand—if you have this reliable family treatment in your medicine cupboard. RELIEF! That's what you really want and what you really want. what you really want . . and you get it, because De Witt's Antacid Powder consistently does these three important

Firstly, it neutralises excess gastric acidity. This relieves the pain and distress you feel after eating, when your stomach

Then, it soothes and settles the omach. Consequently, your ext meal does not mean further couble for an already upset

Finally, it protects the inflamed lining, and thus helps Mother Nature, the greatest healer of all, to put things right.

So, if a sour, upset stomach is turning you off food, or if heart-burn and flatulence take all pleasure out of eating, get a tin of De Witt's Antacle Powder from your chemist to-day. You will find in this popular antacle treatment the answer to most "tummy" troubles.

POWDER

For Indigestion, Acid Stomach, Heartburn, Flatulence, Gastritis, and Dyapepsia. Obtainable from chemists and storekeepers everywhere, price 2/8 and 4/6.



Page 45









BACK VIEW of another stylish variation of Raymond's "Acropo-lis" cut, designed to loop hair that is growing from short to long into graceful sculptured lines.

AZING down with bronzed, scrutable charm, a handsome bust beguiles a brilliant assortment of duchesses, film stars, and other titled admirers while they wait for a perm or sit snugly under hair-dryers.

hair-dryers.

This is to remind them that if Monsieur Raymond, Landen's most elegant young colffeur, cannot attend them personally, he is at least with them in spirit. The legendary Raymond, who launched the "Pageboy" bob and the "Astrakhan" cut, brings art to his work by wearing a midnight-blue velvet smoking-jacket and

by wearing a midnight-blue velvet smoking-jacket and shager, highly floral bow-tles.

His fluorescent-lit salon in Albermarle Street is a bower of flowers, acents, elegant filipies of wrought iron, and other eye-soothing design for the mest fashionable cleatele in Mayfair.

Dark, muscular, and strikingly good-looking, Raymond works in a tirry attic retreat atop his original four-storied establishment round the corner, doodles constantly at new styles on a sketch pad, descends occasionally to give a sentimental touch to the hair of an old and valued direct.

client.

Despite a quiet, winning charm, a romantic elegance that changes many a titled lady from aloof client into a confessed fan, Raymond remains a bachelor. He says, with a wry, Gallic lift of one cycbrow, "I see too much of women to want to marty."

When he was a lad of 20, Raymond—the surname is Bessone, which he never uses—came to England from his father's modest salon at Nice and Monte Carlo on the Prench Riviera, and is, at 34, the foremost authority on coffure in Burnow. Now this cuitet withinsical

the Prench Riviera, and is, at 34, the foremost authority on colflure in Europe. Now this quiet, whimsical Prenchman from Monte Carle has 150 men and women to execute his hair fashion decrees.

All but one of his style-designers are men.

A large oil portrait of himself confronts ladies at the head of the stairs leading to his main parlor, and another reflects from the wall into a line of mirrors over the shampoo basins. Raymond is consciously publicity-minded, has created his own legend which inds him a color and prestige no others have.

Although you can't hit a new hair-style over the head with a champagne bottle, the furers that attends one launched by Raymond is like the send-off for a great liner sliding down the slipway.

His most recent confure innovation, designed to seep the postwar world with its novelty, was cele-

Chest Cold Misery Relieved by Moist Heat of ANTIPHLOGISTINE This versatile haircut, designed by fabulous young stylist Raymond, of London, which he adapts to the individual facial contours of his fashionable clientele, has been in the news quite a bit. Mary St. Claire, of our London staff, tells about it here. -CAROLYN EARLE

brated at the Mayfair Hotel, with an invitation list that resembled a composite page of Debrett and "Who's Who In The Theatre."

A London composer, John Ridley, rippled out a special composition called "Hair Do's," stage star Marie Burke introduced proceedings, a stately procession of models displayed new coiffures for the season, and politely enthusiastic clapping greeted young Monsieur Raymond as he rose to address them on "Whys and Wherefors" of his new trends. Whereupon film star Patricia Burke snatched off a veil to uncover a bronze bust, recently completed, of their host, with the claiminscribed in gilt on its plinth—"Raymond—Creator of Lovely Women."

The name of this vaunted new hair-style, first breathed amid the exotic perfumes and fure of a West End showing, is the "Acropolis" cut.

Raymond planned it to smooth over the awkward trend to longer hair from the short "Astrakhan" cut he popularised in wartime for servicewomen.

"I found my inspiration for the 'Acropolis' cut in the British Museum, where I passed my Christmas vacation delving into the culture of the ancient Greeks," Raymond told me. He flicked a speck from his impeccable Jacket. "The art of ancient fleilence is the story of a handful of people who taught us moet of the things we know.

"Greeian women favored styles which were sculptured and easy to manage. My 'Acropolis' cut is a link with them, capturing the beauty of the past and blending with the 'quickstep' tempo of to-day's wear and tear. "I have always lost interest in clients who are unwilling to follow my advice. That's why the famous 'Pageboy' bob nearly ruined me." 'I tried to persuade many of my clients that it would suit them admirably, but was ultimately forced to choose between the 'Pageboy' and business. Finally I gave the idea to Miriam Hopkins when she was in England in 1937, and wanted a new hair-do for a film she was making.

"Back in Hollywood, it so thrilled Constance Cummings that she wore it for her part in Three Smart

she was making.
"Back in Hollywood, it so thrilled Constance Cummings that she wore it for her part in Three Smart Girls," and the whole feminine world—bless their fickle

"In fact, the 'Pageboy' became a success when I myself had forgotten about it Then all my clients started wanting it."

When Raymond makes a per when I design, he sits and sketche Suits contours of face

When Raymond makes a personal design, he sits and sketches his lady elient, then draws in the sort of hair-do that would most suit the contours of her face. "Many girls." he thinks, "have a totally wrong conception of what style suits them, and it is often there that I lose interest if they are stubborn."

His habit of sketching, and probably his almost sybartic taste for luxury, springs from a "tough time as a vouth."

His habit of settleming, and processly in a unions sharific taste for luxury, springs from a "tough time as a youth."

"I used to spend up till four in the morning in the little shop I rented here, working on a model head, thinking up new ideas. Sometimes a bobby on his beat barged in to ask me what I was up to, and stayed for a drink. Gradually I bought up the rest of the building as the business grew, till I had the second, then third and fourth floors, and finally the basement.

"Between 1932 and 1936 I found another way of making money so easily that I almost lost all interest in my parlots. I went in for all the International Styling Contests all over Europe, and won so often that I placed bets on myself. You see, there are bookmakers on this sort of contest just an there are on horse racing.

"My last plunge came when I won the International Styling Contest at Paris in 1938—and £2000 in bets. I gave it to French and British hairdressing orphans.

Sort of farewell gesture . . . "As for this 'Acropolis' style"—Raymond sbrugged-"it will take three or four years to become completely launched. They always do. But I promised women glamor when the war was over—and there it is. Voila!"

> taisweet The Deodorant Cream You can trust! VVVVV

LEAVES NO LIP-PRINTS

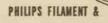


"He'd Never Seen Her

Under a Philips 100-Watt"

The bolting bridegroom is display-ing wisdom at a crucial moment but would have been wiser still to have learned earlier that made-quate lighting can hide a muti-tude of skins. For every room in which it is important to see clear-

ly, every room in which you read, see, write or knit, a Philips 100-watt lamp should be the minimum lighting employed. Very often you'll need more. 100 watts of Philips lighting can save 101 results of eyestrain.





FLUORESCENT LAMPS



Pimples and Bad Skin Attacked In 24 Hours

A New Discovery

Page 47



Good Morning Planned breakfasts are better breakfasts, so plan and serve them with eye and appetite appeal to help arouse sleepy morning appetites, By Our Food and Cookery Experts LL too often, breakfast perature, and color. Some acid, some is the neglected meal of the day. Actually it is the day. Actually it is These breakfast menus were planned with those five points in mind, the most important meal of the day and should pro-vide one-quarter to one-third of the day's total food requirements. MENU 1

An adequate breakfast increases working efficiency, mental and physical energy, and helps to prevent mid-morning fatigue. Because time is precious in the morning breakfast frequently becomes a hit-and-miss affalf—a sitie of toast, a cup of coffee, and a quick dash for the nearest tram or bus

The good homemaker is one who plans a breakfast sufficiently tempting to per-suade the family 11's worth resisting the temptation to have just five more minutes

Here are five easy steps to better break-

1. Plan breakfast as carefully as lun-cheon or dinner . . . Make it quick to prepare and easy to serve.

Consider the nutritive value of foods.
 Consider the nutritive value of foods.
 Pollow the basic breakfast pattern of fruit, cereal, milk, bread, butter, plus meat, fish, eggs, or cheese.

3 Offer eye and appelite appeal. The value of a nutritionally adequate break-fast is sometimes lost because the serving not attractive

not attractive.

Use gay, fresh cloths or place-mats, and take the table, as well as the food, coloral and attractive.

4 Consider appetite appeal. Food that looks, smells, and tastes good will soon overcome that "no-time, no inclination" attitude towards breakfast

5. Plan contrasts in flavor, texture, tem-

Stewed Fruit and Cereal
Puftaloon Splits
Tomate Slices. Bocon Rolls
Toast Coffee

MENU 2

MEMU 2 Orange Juice Wholemeal Portidge with Brown Sugar and Sliced Banenas Scalloped Brains and Bacon Toast Caffee

MENU 3

Creamed Rolled Oats with Stewed Fruit French Fried Sandwiches Toast and Honey Coffee

MENU 4 Chilled Grapetruit Cheese Omelet Toast and Marmalade Coffee

FRENCH FRIED SANDWICHES

FRENCH FRIED SANDWICHES
Six slices bread (I day old), for, cheese, I teaspoon butter, pinch cayenne pepper, i teaspoon mustard, pinch sait, I dessert-spoon Wore'stershire sauce, I dessert-spoon milk, I egg beaten with 3 tablespoons milk, In a for frying, tomato slices, pursley.

Grate cheese coarsely, and mix well with butter, cayenne, mustard, sail, sauces, and milk. Spread on half the bread alloes, top with remaining slices, pressing lightly to keep sandwiches together. Brush top and bottom of

each sandwich with beaten egg and milk. Cut into halves diagonally. In a frying-pan melt sufficient fat to barely cover bottom of pan. When fat is fuming, carefully place aandwiches in, brown on both sides. Drain on kitchen paper. Serve hot, topped with tomato silces, and garnished with paraley. For three or four.

CREAMED ROLLED OATS

Three-quarters cup rolled oats, I cup water, I cup milk, I teaspoon salt, I tea-spoon vanills, I tablespoon sugar, I tea-spoon lemon juice.

spoon lemon juice.

Heat water and salt, stir in rolled oats blended with milk. Continue stirring until mixture boils. Reduce heat and simmer gently is hour. (This should be done previous day). Cool slightly beat in vanilla and sugar mixing well. Fold in lemon juice. Turn into individual moulds, chill overnight. Unmould and serve with cold, stewed fruit. For four.

CHEESE OMELET

One level tablespoon flour, I cup milk, 3
eggs, I cup grated cheese, level teaspoon
grated onion, I teaspoon salt, pinch
cayenne pepper, one tomato, I dessertspoon margarine or butter.

Blend flour smoothly with
milk, stir over heat until mixture bolls and thickens.

Simmer 3 or 4 minutes.
Cool slightly, beat in eggyolks, cheese, onion, salt, and
oayenne. Lastly, fold in stiffly
beaten egg-whites. Melt margarine or butter in pan, pour in
omelet mixture. Allow to set and brown
underneath over gentle, steady heat,
Brown top under hot griller. Lift carefully on to dish, spread one half with sliced
tomato, fold over and serve immediately.
For three or four.

PUFTALOON SPLITS

PUFTALOON SPLITS

Eight ounces self-raising flour, 2 cup milk, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 cup thick, white sauce, 11 cups cooked diedd vegetables (carrot, parsnip, celery, peas), fat for frying, tomato slices, bacon rolls.

Sift flour and salt, mix to a soft dough with milk. Turn on to floured board, knead slightly. Press out to 1-inch thickness, cut into rounds with a floured cutter. Heat fat in shallow pan, put putfulcous in. Fry golden-brown, turn, and brown other side. Cook 5 or 6 minutes. Drain on kitchen paper. Split and fill with vegetables and sauce heated together. Serve hot with tomato alices and grilled bacon rolls. For four or five.

SCALLOPED BRAINS AND BACON

Scalloped Brains, 1 slice of onion, 1 teapoon sail, small piece lemon rind, 1 heaped dessertspoon margarine or butter, 2 dessertspoons flour, 1 pint milk, 2 table-spoons finely minced cooked bacon, 4 tablespoons finely mince in salted water, 10 tablespoons finely mince with cold water, bring to boil, drain, 10 cover with fresh cold water, add salt, 10 cover with fresh cold water, add salt, 10 cover with fresh cold water, and conion, simmer 10 to 15 5 minutes. Drain, cut into dice. Melt margarine or butter, add flour, cook a few minutes without browning, Add milk, stir until boiling,

Fold in diced brains and bacon, season with salt and proper. Fill into scallop shells or ramekin dishes, previously greased and sprinkled with breadcrumbs. Bake in moderate oven 10 minutes to brown crumbs top. Garnish with grilled bacon ils. For four.

For each person-allow 1 dessertapoen pure coffee, 1 cup cold water, pinch salt.

Place water in saucepan, and coffee and alt. Bring just to boiling point with lid a. Strain through fine strainer into heated coffee pot or jug.

Note: If milk coffee is preferred, pre-pare black coffee as above, using only a cup water for each person. Heat an equal quantity of milk and pour coffee and milk into serving cup at same time.

ENTICING breakfasts attractively seried (either on tray or table) to lempt the most reluctant morning appetite. Puttaloon splits pair with stewed fruit and cereal (see mens 1). Scalloped brains and decon team with wholemeal portige and sliced banaus (see menu 2).



Brimming with luscious cream... that's TRUFOOD

The richest, freshest powdered milk you've ever tasted!

A half gallon of new milk; straight from lush clover pastures. Packed in an airtight fin to seal its goodness. That's a tin of Trafood. Fresh meadow milk with just the water removed. No wonder it's the lushest powdered milk of all. Drink it...cook with it... give it to baby... whenever you need milk, use Trufood.



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half-gallon of rich dairy milk, containing nearly half a pint of every 12 ounce tin of Trufood.

EATING IN SIX LANGUAGES lesling



XAPIX OERI ΝΑΠΥΟΣ! (THANK THE GODS FOR MUSTARDI)

(THANK THE GOD
Here is a very ancient
Greek, caught in the act of
thanking Demeter, Goddess
of Agricultural Produce, for
providing the mustard for
his simple repast.
Everything about the
Greeks was simple. They
ate simply, too: beef, pork,
venison, etc., and always
with mustard. Note carefully the simple gost whose fully the simple goat whose

milk provided the cheese for the Ancient Greek's Welsh Rarchit - and here again there is nothing like KEEN'S MUSTARD for that extra gastronomical lift.





RICH shortcrust pastry makes an ideal case for jellied fruit. Fold slices of banana and passionfruit pulp into partly set jelly, allow to become quile firm, and top with fruit-ichtip made from egg-whites and sugar with pulp of three passionfruit folded in.

batter is the four-dation for tasty kidney puffs shown a bove. Place a spoonjul of batter in pathy tins and, before baking in hot oven, top with a slice of kidney and tomato. Serve with bacon rolls and stredded cab-bage. It's grand!

Sweet and savory prize dishes feature

APPLES AND TOMATOES

PPLES and toprominently in this week's collection of recipes from readers.

Served alone or combined with other foods they make appetising dishes, either sweet

appetising dishes, either sweet or savory.

These columns are reserved each week for readers' own recipes. Have you a favorite recipe you would like to share with others?

All you have to do is write your recipe out clearly on one side of the paper only, include your name and address on each page, and post to this office, and you may win a cash prize.

There is no limit to the number of recipes you send, but remember to write your name and address under

each one.

MOULDED APPLE CREAM
Half-pint thick apple sauce (3 or 4 peeled, cored, and slided apples cooked to a pulp with as little water as possible), I tablespoon gelatine, 3 tablespoons beiling water, I tablespoon leman juice, I tablespoon leman juice, I tablespoon leman juice, I tablespoon stagar, expanding deep custard, 2 tablespoons sugar, crystallised cherries for garnishing. Dissolve gelatine in hot water—add fruit juices, lemon rind, and sherry. Fold apple pulp into custard — add sugar. Stir in gelatine mixture while it is still warm. Pour linto wetted moulds, individual size. Chill till set. Turn out and garnish with crystallised charries.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. A. Dayton,

First Prize of \$1 to Mrs. A. Dayton, P.O. Box 1, Chippendale, N.S.W.

FISH AND TOMATO SAVORY

Four tomatoes, salt, pepper, sugar, 1) cups cooked flaked fish, I dessert-

Il cups cooked flaked fish, I dessert-spoon lemon juice, 4 lablespoon soft breaderumbs, I teaspoon margarine or butter, I cup grated cheese. Skin tomatoes. Cut into slices and place half on bottom of ovenware dish greased and coated with bread-crumbs. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and sugar. Cover with flaked fish seasoned with hemon juice and salt. Place balance of tomato slices on top. Cover thickly with bread-on top. Cover thickly with breadon top. Cover thickly with bread-crumbs, top with grated cheese, dot with butter. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) for 25 to 30 minutes. Serve hot with creamed potatoes and

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. S. C. Chard, 53 Koolunda Ave., Wood-ville South, S.A.

APPLE BACON AND TOMATO ROLL

Eight ounces shortcrust pastry, lib. bacon rashers, I apple, I onion, I large tomato, I cup soft breadcrumbs, pepper, salt, chopped parsley, pinch

herbs.
Roll pastry thinly on floured board. Chop bacon, apple, onion, and tomato into small pieces. Spread over pastry. Sprinkle with breadcrumbs, pepper, salt, parsley, and herbs. Moisten edges of pastry. Roll up as for swiss roll, pressing ends of roll lightly together. Glaze with milk. Place on oven slide and bake in hot oven (425deg. F.) for 25 to 30 minutes. Serve hol, cut in slices. Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss B. B. Donaldson, 17 Kneetsford St., Balwyn ES, Melbourne.

SAVORY TARTS

SAVORY TARTS

Six ounces shortcrust pastry, 1 large tomato, 1 cup chopped ham (or cooked, diced rabbit, with bacon for flavoring), 2 shallots or 1 small onion, 1 cup grated cheese, 1 egg, chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon mustard, pepper.

Roll pastry thinly and line patty-time. Chop tomato and onion into small pileces and mix with other ingredients. Bind with beaten egg. Place dessertspoon of mixture into each pastry-case. Cook in hot oven (425deg. F.) for 15 to 20 minutes Serve hot, garnisied with parsley. This mixture may also be made into one tart, using 7in, tart-plate and cooking 25 to 30 minutes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. S. R. Dwyer, Traverse St., Wagin, W.A. BAKED APPLE FRITTERS

R. Dwyer, Traverse St., Wagin, W.A.

BAKED APPLE FRITTERS
Four apples, 1 tablespoon sugar,
1 teaspoon cinsamon, juice and
grated rind of 1 lemon, 1 teaspoon
margarine or butter, for, flour, 1
level teaspoon baking powder, pinch
salt, 1 egg, 1 cup milk.
Sift flour, balcing powder, and salt.
Make a well in centre and drop egg
in. Add milk gradually, a little at
a time until batter is smooth. Beat
in remainder of milk. Allow to
stand 4 hour, Peel and core apples.
Cut into rings and arrange on
bottom of greased ovenware dish.
Sprinkle with sugar, cinnamon.
lemon juice and rind, and dot with
margarine or butter. Cover with
fritter batter. Bake in moderate
oven (375-400deg. F). for 30 to
35 minutes. Serve immediately
topped with sugar and cinnamon,
and drenched with lemon juice.
Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs.
B. Dickman, 25 Spruson St., Neutral
Bay, N.S.W.

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The Australian Women's Weekly-April 19, 1947

MIXED IN A MOMENT





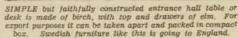




Swedish furniture

 Simplicity the keynote; relies upon highly polished, grained wood for its beauty







CUPBOARD like this would be a velcome asset to any home. It is made up of low unit cupboards, each provided with adjus-able shelves and slides, plus centre drawers

WHOOPING COUGH PREVENTION OF

 For children under four, Medico says, whooping cough is now a more serious menace than diphtheria . . . it sometimes leaves permanent trouble in the lungs.

is whooping cough, isn't it, doctor?" said Mrs. Gerrard anxiously as I bent over five-year-old Susan and amoothed back the damp

smoothed back the damp curis from her forehead.
"I'm afraid so," I replied, feeling rather helpless. I tooked from the small girl lying exhausted against the pillow to the worried face of her mother.

"It's terrible having to stand by and do nothing while the poor little mite is being racked by these awful coughing fits," she said, "and I feel so nervous, too, shout my other little girl, Penelope, who is two and a half. She is staying with her grandmother at present.

Tm torn between the fear that Penelope will catch this dreadful thing and the feeling that perhaps it would be better if she did.

PRICED FOR EVERY PURSE

"After all, I suppose it is just one of the unpreventable horrors of childhood, and it's better to get it over and done with."

"In the first place." I said, "the most infectious stage of whooping cough is in the early, snifty period before there is any sign of a whoop.

By MEDICO

There is not so much danger of in-fection at the stage Susan has reached.

"Secondly, whooping cough is no longer one of the inevitable ills of childhood. A vaccine that will give immunity has been available for five years now. Whooping cough is almost as preventable as diphtheria. Immunisation against both is given by injections."

"Was Susan old enough to be im-munised? And could you give

Penelope the injections?" asked Mrs.

Penelope the injections?" asked Mn Gerrard.

"The best time to immunise is when the child is six months old You see, for children under fau, whooping cough is now a non-serious menace than diphtheria—1 sometimes leaves permanent trouble in the lungs.
"It takes a little time for the im-

"It takes a little time for the im-munity to develop after the injec-tions, so it's better to get in early and not wait for the epidemic."

"How many injections are thereare the results very severe?"

"Usually four injections are given at weekly intervals, and, as to aftereffects—well, I've given hundred of these injections and I've never sen or heard of anything worse than a sore arm for a day or so."

"How long does the immunity last?" asked Mra. Gerrard.
"For five years at least," I resulted

last?" asked Mrs. Gerrard.
"For five years at least," I replied.
"and it may be that the immunity will last a lifetime, but as yet menes science has only had this comparitively new method under observation for about five years." As I was speaking Susan again started to cough and gasp for breath in a heartending fashion.

"Well feeters with the second of the second

"Well, doctor, you've made up mi-mind," said Mrs. Gerrard. "Penny is not going to go through thus if I can spare her. She shall have those in-jections as soon as possible. "And what is the best to do for

Susan?

"Peed her every time ahe is sick."
I sild. "Her stomach is not upset.
It's only the strain of the coupling which makes her lose her lunch Sic can cat straight after her attack of coughing. Keep her well-nourished and she will stand up to the ordes."

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY KNITTING BOOK . . . soon ready.

This 64-page book for adults and children contains a superb collection of sonig and lovely hand-knits to brighten the winter scene. There are brilliantly designed sweaters, jumpers, and cardigons for the slim and not-so-slim; some for day wear, some for evening and special accosions wear. There are enchanting designs for the very youngest, and all kinds of woollies for girls and boys up to ten years of age. The Australian Women's Weekly book of knitteds will soon be available at our offices and newsagents for 1/6. Watch for it!

Soothe Itching **Haemorrhoids**

re is no need to suffer the torment-irritation of riching piles when you remained to the suffer of the suffer of the tender of the suffer of the table to the suffer that the suffer that the suffer that the suffer of suffer of the suffer of the suffer time to let the suffer and suffer piles torment and worry you, get NYS OINTMENT to-day and see t lows satisfy hope over 40 years.

OINTMENT

SUFFERERS FROM SUPERFLUOUS

HAIRS should give "Vanix" the oppor-tunity to do for them what it has done for thousands of others

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is a scientific discovery by Paul Van Schuyler, which firstly devitalises and then destroys the hair. It has no detrimental effect on the skin and is simple and pleasant to use.

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CULAR TOP of this attractive table is im; legs of white birch. The patterned se in the background is interesting; striped rug, 100, looks very smart.



THIS occasional table, with its polished elm-wood top and its potted plants as decoration, would lend charm to any living-room. Note diamond patterning of window drapes. This cross-cross motif in furnishings seems popular.

IASHION'S pendulum swings again... The black velvet hairband is buck to make a smartly sophisticated foil for shining blonde locks. The glountin-headed pin adds to its allure. Just the thing for afterdark wear-theatre, movies, party, or cocktail affairs.

Miss Precious Minutes Says:

SEE that your mirrors are never placed where the sun shines on them. Spots and blemishes often seen on glass can be caused by the sun's action.

GREASE spots on wallpaper look most unattractive, but a lump of cold-water starch will absorb every trace of the mark

NEXT time you find yourself with-out give, try using colorless nall-polish as a substitute. In most cases it will be quite effective. Grand to stop that sudden ladder in your stocking, too.

FOR the handy homemaker: Before hammering nails into wood, push them through scap. This will stop wood from cracking.

INFURIATING to find the lid of the shoe-pollen off and contents hard. But wait, don't throw it out. Add a few drops of turpentine and you'll be able to pollsh your shoes with ease.

OBSTINATE paint marks on window glass can be removed with razor blade. Scrape off gently.

WHEN washing baby's woollies, use half to one teaspoon of borax per gallon of water; mix well, then add flakes or mild soap. Squeeze woollies through suds; don't rub.

To raise pile on vete: Hold material before steaming spout of kettle, then hold warm from over pile; don't let it touch velvet.

NUROGENE HELPS THE NERVES IN MIDDLE FORTIES

Hormogene Laboratories, 183 Flirabeth St., Sydney N.S.W. New Life and Lustre for your hair... From the first treatment, NAPRO HAIR VITALIZER replaces natural oils destroyed by sun, surf, over-perming and bleaching. Leaves hair soft and shining. HAIR VITALIZER AT CHEMISTS: SALONS AND STORES

Mrs. Alexander C. Forbes

A patrician beauty and a New York Society leader. Mrs. Alexander Cochrane Forbes takes very good care of her glorious complexion-with Pond's. "For a quick, thorough cleansing there is nothing like Pond's Cold Cream," she says. "Pond's Vanishing Cream is simply wonderful as a powder base."



You'll be thrilled with your

Pond's complexion, too!

Just Pond's Two Creams—that's all you need for complete complexion care. Each night and morning, and for fresheating-up during the day, too, smooth snow-white Pond's Cold Cream lavishly over your face and throat! Pat it on briskly and leave for a few minutes to soften and release dirt and make-up. When

you wipe it off, you'll be thrilled with the fresh, clean feel of your skin. Always smooth on a trons-lucent film of Pond's Vanishing Gream over your skin before you make-up. So fragrant, so exqui-sitely light and delicate, Pond's Vanishing Gream is the powder base which holds your make-up flower-fresh and attractive.



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Inner well-being demands regular elimination of wastes and impurities from the system. That is what purely vegetable Bile Beaus ensure, mildly but effec-tively. Bile Beans are a blessing to every woman who wants to feel and look at her best



Just a Couple at Bedtime

BILE BEANS

Page 53



extended shoulders. You'll revel in the luxury and the figure-moulding glamour of these perfect companions for a Winter fireside.

rene of fine flannel, cut for flattery, and buttoning clear from collar to hem. Colours are light blue, emerald, cherry wine, violet. 32 to 44, 80/-, 8 cpns.

aye dashing Coachman's Robe, with double-breasted front and princess-cut back. In blue or midnight blue. Sizes 32 to 44, for 96/-, 8 coupons. tufted candlewick chenille that will wash and wash and need no ironing. It's in rose and blue, 32 to 40, 53/-, 15 epns.

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Make up your eyes correctly, and you will be surject with the added beauty you will gain. If unchimanals from your Chemist or Store, 2,6,4,6, and 5,6 Post Pice from Sux 2216, G.P.O. Bydney.



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The Australian Women's Weekly-April 19, 1947



F4827.—Smart simplicity is the keynote of this well-fitting coat. Edge it with braiding for extra distinction. Pattern may be obtained for either long or short sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 21yds. 54in. wide. Pattern 1/8.

F4628.—Don't shy at cooler autumn or wintry winds, but wear this fashion-perfect frock and be amartly warm all through the day. You may obtain the pattern for either long or short steeves. Sizes 32 to 38in, bust. Requires 22yds, 54in, wide. Pattern 1/8.

F4628.—Smart teen-ager frock to wear at "gang" musicals. It's sure to be a hit. Note the carefree action-back Pattern may be obtained for either long or short sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38th bust. Requires 2 yds. 54th, wide. Pattern 1/8.

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P4636.—A really smart combination for your new winter outfit is designed in this handsome coalcum-cape. Sizes 32 to 38in bust, keequires 4yds, 54in, wide. Pattern 1/8.

F4631.—Steek siackauit of contrasting elegance. Pattern may be obtained for either long or short sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38th bust. Requires 4yds. 36th, wide, and lyd. 36th, wide contrast. Pattern 1/10.

TO ORDER: Fashion Patterns may be had from our Pattern Department. If ordering by mail send to address given on page 37.





a 101 domestic uses





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romances provide a very human story which will delight you.

Bushells present "Courtship and Marriage" Nationally from 2UW, 2KO, 3DB, 3LK, 4BK, 4AK, 4IP, 5AD, 5PI, 5SE, 5MU, 6IX, 6WB, 6MD, 7HT and 7EX

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